

MARCH 19, 1881

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 590.—Vol. XXIII.

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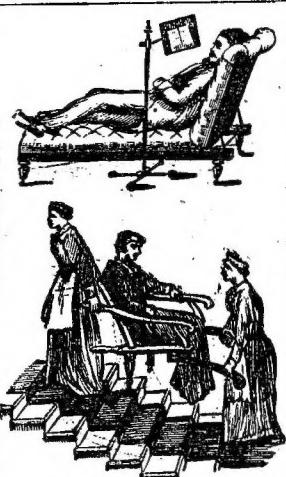
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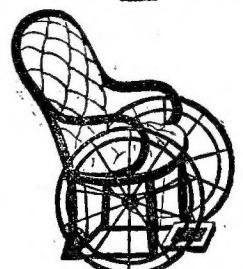
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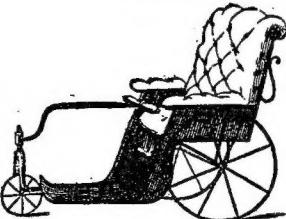
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THE GRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881

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ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS

BORN MARCH 10, 1845

SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE MARCH 13, 1881



RUSSIA — THE RAILWAY ACROSS THE FROZEN SEA BETWEEN CRONSTADT AND ORANIENBAUM



ALEXANDER II.—Never has a more unanimous testimony been given to the worth of a Sovereign than the assassination of the Czar has elicited from all civilised countries. Personally he was among the most popular of the ruling figures of the period. Unlike most of his predecessors he overcame the Olympian remoteness of his position, and in his intercourse with the world showed many of the most engaging qualities of manhood. They are universally admitted to have been qualities of gentleness, strength, and generosity. He was called to the sovereignty of Russia at a period when the highest gifts of statesmanship were required to deliver his country from foreign complications, and to restore to her industries the peace and freedom they demanded. So far as success was possible under the conditions of his Empire, he achieved it; and the progress of his reign has been marked by a series of wise and beneficent measures for the good of the majority. The liberation of the serfs, opening up as it did a new career for twenty-three millions of his subjects, must always rank as the greatest circumstance of his reign. But he is to be judged as much from the general tendency of his policy as from a single event, and it was always towards the purification of justice and the advancement of art, science, and literature. In his relations with foreign countries he pursued the same ends as his predecessors, not hesitating to wage and carry on war where he thought the honour or the aggrandisement of Russia required it. But the hereditary passion for conquest and the extension of empire was subdued by a prudence and humanity which avoided rash adventure. As he was the most mild and just of his race he probably kept the peace of Europe as unbroken as it is in a great despot's power to keep it.

THE TRANSVAAL.—Notwithstanding the prolongation of the armistice, and the generally hopeful tone of that indefatigable mediator, President Brand, the prospects of a peaceful settlement do not seem to have been greatly bettered during the past week. According to Commandant Joubert, the Boers' terms are plain and succinct : "We have only one demand: give us our independence. Nothing else will satisfy us." This, it is true, was stated in an unofficial conversation, but it is none the less manifest that, emboldened by their recent successes, by the assistance offered them by the Free State, and by the sympathy excited for their cause by their compatriots in Europe, they are prepared to accept little less. The presence of President Brand and Mr. Kruger upon the scene of action may possibly infuse a somewhat more conciliatory element into the negotiations, but this will be more in the letter than in the spirit and, unless the British Commissioners have instructions to make a more unqualified submission than is generally understood, a peaceful conclusion can hardly be expected. Even, indeed, if peace be concluded the Boers are openly prophesying a South African Republic, "free from British rule." This idea will find no small favour from the non-British colonists of the Cape and Natal, who are not enthusiastically enamoured of English supremacy, and, who, while rejecting confederation under the auspices of Downing Street, are willing enough to contemplate an independent union on the model of the United States. This feeling, also, would be increased a hundredfold if we were quietly to accept the Boers' terms without our military supremacy being openly and amply acknowledged, while it is equally evident that many a now loyal colonist would have his faith severely shaken in the mother country, and begin to think that independence, after all, would be better than trusting to the vicissitudes of English party policy. All things considered, the outlook in South Africa is most gloomy at the present moment, and the Government is not to be envied in having to choose between the continuation of an unpopular and difficult war, and the conclusion of peace under circumstances which will really amount to an acknowledgment of a military defeat.

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.—The Emperor of Russia was scarcely dead before the Nihilists had posted a notice that the same fate was reserved for his successor. So open a declaration of intention may well determine the policy of Alexander III. in a direction unfavourable to the representative institutions, right of association, and freedom of speech, towards which he is believed to have inclined. In the first instance it may suggest to him and his advisers that, until further repressive measures have been devised, the work of constitutional and social reform need not be undertaken at all. But, from what is known of the aim and organisation of Nihilism, it would appear that either course may be attended with failure. If the Government is to proceed by repression, how can it effectively strike? Nihilism in the latest form of its organisation is not a dozen years old, but it has been found to have adherents among all classes. Judges and magistrates, professors and students, soldiers, artisans, and peasants have all been convicted of Nihilism. The nature of the society, however, makes its operations elude general detection. They are directed by a committee, with judicial functions ; the committee is affiliated to sections, and the sections are composed of circles, having five members, isolated from each other ; all correspondence

is carried on in cipher. But if the Government is to proceed by reform, there is still no guarantee that assassination would come to an end. For the aim of Nihilism is not a Constitutional Government on the pattern of the Western States of Europe. It would find a limited monarchy as obnoxious as an autocracy, and though an individual monarch might be popular, he would still be deemed worthy of assassination, because he represents a detested system. What can be done against a conspiracy which supports the maxim that "malefactors are the true Protestants, and the most powerful social reformers?"

IRELAND AND THE COERCION ACT.—That a little wholesome severity is a very good thing is once more made manifest by the working of the Coercion Act in Ireland. Only some thirty persons have been arrested, but already we hear of an unequivocal improvement in the affected districts. Farmers who hitherto have been terrorised by the emissaries of the Land League are taking heart, the payment of rent is greatly on the increase, the practice of Boycotting is declining, and tenantry who have allowed their cattle to be seized are horrified at the fact that the Land League can no longer prevent their being purchased, and that no compensation is to be afforded them for taking its advice. The Irish farmer is not wholly devoid of shrewdness, and now that he finds that he is a loser rather than a gainer by following the counsel of agitators who, despite all their tall talk, are being quietly marched off to Kilmainham Gaol, it is only natural that accounts from Ireland tell us of "a return to habits of peace and order." The Government is thus certainly to be congratulated on the success of their measure, and all the more so as the arrests appear to be conducted in a fairly judicious manner—the office-bearers in the various Land League branches being the chief victims. Such men are far too small fry to be made into martyrs, but their incarceration will have a much greater effect upon the numbers with whom they come into daily contact than would the arrest of one of the great leaders of the movement—who to the general crowd is only a name. The fact that a next-door neighbour has suddenly been incarcerated, and that his own turn may come next, is likely to impress a man far more than the news that his Member of Parliament has come within the clutches of the law for making a "patriotic" speech. He had probably contemplated that contingency for some time past, but that he himself might be hurried into durance vile probably never entered into his calculations. His Parliamentary representative was to burn his fingers, and what more natural than he himself should enjoy the nuts? There is something absurd, however, in talking about durance vile when we hear of the ease and comfort enjoyed by the hapless prisoners. To judge from the accounts of their mode of existence, many a free man might be glad to exchange his lot in life for that of an imprisoned Irish agitator.

THE ABUSE OF URGENCY.—It may be considered as a public gain that Mr. Gladstone lost his motion declaring the state of business to be urgent. The decision of the House can hardly be regarded as a party defeat, since there was an absolute majority of eighty-four in its favour ; it was a case of the direction of public business being placed in the hands of the minority. It will not be denied that the Votes for which the operation of the new rules was asked are of primary importance. To carry on the bare work of administration they must all be obtained within a few days ; but it was even of more importance that the abuses of urgency should be emphasised by a strong opposition. There may have been no immediate dread of its being employed to rush Government measures through Parliament. But, as Sir Stafford Northcote pointed out, the Premier's proposal threatened to subvert the liberties of the House of Commons in two important functions—the discussion of grievance before the voting of supply, the criticism of estimates, and control of their amount. Besides, the crisis in Ireland which temporarily drew parties together, and made them act under the new rules, has been provided for ; and the time had come for a reassertion of the full freedom of debate in the face of an obedient and uncritical majority.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE CITY.—The electric light is at last to have a fair trial in London. For a long time past we have had electric lamps on the Thames Embankment, about the worst possible place in all the metropolis for testing the value of any artificial illumination. There are no shops, and a wide expanse of garden on the one side, and a broad river on the other, can hardly be expected to be rendered visible even by M. Jablockhoff's brilliant carbons. The electric light, it is true, was tried for a few weeks some winters since on the Holborn Viaduct, while various metropolitan stations are now rescued from their normal condition of "darkness made visible" by powerful Brush chandeliers, but hitherto there has been no attempt to test the real value of electricity for street lighting. We cannot certainly carry out the experiment so perfectly as at Paris, where, from the Place de l'Opéra, the spectator can see three diverging streets respectively lighted with electricity, and two different forms of gas burners, and so directly compare their relative illuminating powers. The Corporation, however, has done its best in organising a display of three separate systems of electric lighting in three of our most frequented lines of thoroughfare. This, we hope, will show how far electricity as at present applied to

illumination is fitted to supersede gas, and thus whether one of the great evils of modern city life can be dispensed with, even though it be at a somewhat enhanced cost. That the electric light is the lamp of the future, both for home and for outdoor use, few people doubt, but whether it has now arrived at the perfection necessary to warrant its adoption is another question which a few months may be expected to solve. Whichever way the verdict may be given, the Corporation must be congratulated on having ventured upon so important an experiment. Should it succeed, Londoners (gas shareholders, perhaps, excepted), delighted at the abolition of a source of so much dirt and bad air, will be almost ready to condone the erection of the Temple Bar Griffin in their gratitude.

CETYWAYO.—Not satisfied with the present complications at the Cape, the Aborigines' Protection Society are getting up an agitation for the purpose of restoring the disrowned monarch of Zululand to his kingdom. The movement is one of pure human sympathy, and is founded upon admiration of Cetywayo as a man and an enemy. Cetywayo is, it appears, anything but comfortable in the confinement to which he has been subjected ; like a monarch who was once transported to an island a little further south he resents the treatment of the English Government. And the Aborigines' Protection Society hold that he is justified in his complaints. As yet, however, it is impossible to say how much his sable majesty is really suffering, for there are two pictures of his condition. One of them has been sketched by Mr. Grant Duff in Parliament, and represents the king as wandering from sunrise to sunset on his own little estate of 1,600 acres. Four wives are in attendance on him, and, whenever he is socially inclined, he has liberty to look up Langalibalele and discuss politics with him. The other is sketched by the Society on the ground that Mr. Duff's picture is a "a pleasing illusion." It reveals Cetywayo in a melancholy solitude on a patch of ground which can only produce some pumpkins, with a waste swamp all round him, and Dr. Colenso, like another O'Meara, making journals out of his talk. "This," said Cetywayo, "is not being alive—though my neck is spared—separated from all my family."

POOR LAW GUARDIANS.—A movement is now being set on foot in some Metropolitan districts for a practical recasting of the present Boards of Guardians. The Guardians as a rule, it is felt, are not recruited from the class to which it is desirable that the whole control of large sums of money should be entrusted. Not that their honesty is to be impugned for a moment, but it is a question whether, being men, in some cases, of very humble position, in others of limited education, and living in a very narrow circle, they are the best fitted to expend that money in the most judicious way. Again, there are many matters of serious importance to the health and lives of thousands in which they are frequently apt to be guided by popular clamour rather than by experienced judgment. The great difficulty hitherto has been in inducing men of business habits, and yet of superior education and position, to serve—for the simple reason that they have not the leisure for the manifold duties which fall to a Guardian's lot. Still in one quarter at least strenuous efforts are being made to secure such candidates, and from all accounts not unsuccessfully. There are very many evils in our local government which might be remedied, could the great mass of the ratepayers be persuaded into taking an interest in municipal elections, and not to allow them to fall altogether into the hands of one particular class. Another suggestion has been to elect lady Guardians, and for one large parish there are already four candidates of the fair sex, headed by the Dowager Countess of Lothian. The feminine element on the School Board cannot at present be said to be a success on the whole, but the experiment is well worth trying, as women have certainly more leisure, and, what is not an unimportant feature in the question, are apt to pay more attention to details than their harder-worked brethren.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA FIVE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "THE ATTACK ON LAING'S NEK, UNDER THE LATE SIR G. P. COLLEY, JANUARY 28, 1881."—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 276 and 285.

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THE CUP. THE CORSICAN BROTHERS. Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, at 7.45. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSICAN BROTHERS at 3 p.m. Mr. Irving. Last Morning Performance of THE CUP, Saturday, March 19. CORSIKAN BROTHERS. LAST MORNING PERFORMANCES, Saturday, March 26 and April 2. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. Irving. Doors open at 2 p.m.

M. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—
Last Week of THE TURQUOISE RING, by G. W. Godfrey. Music by Lionel Benson. A New Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Graine, and a New Second Part, ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law. Music by Corney Graine. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees.

L AMOUREUX ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—SECOND CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY NEXT, March 22nd, at Eight o'clock, under the patronage of his Excellency the French Ambassador, M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, and in Aid of the Funds of the FRENCH HOSPITAL and DISPENSARY. Vocalists, Madame Brunet-Lafleur, Madame Montigny-Ramsey (pianoforte), and M. Sainton (violin). Orchestra of 100 performers. Conductor, M. Charles Lamoureux. Leader, M. Sainton. Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained at the usual agents; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, and at the French Hospital, Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

L AMOUREUX CONCERTS.—PROGRAMME OF THE SECOND CONCERT, THURSDAY EVENING NEXT.—"Nouvelle Suite d'Orchestre" (Massenet); "Danse Macabre, Poème Symphonique" (C. Saint-Saëns); Violin Obligato, M. Sainton; "Air d'Amour" (Glück); Madame Brunet-Lafleur; "Ouverture de Sigurd" (E. Reyer); "Concerto pour Piano" (Ch. M. Widor); Madame Montigny-Ramsey; "Antar de la Symphonie Romantique" (V. Joncier); Rapsodie, for Orchestra" (Edouard Lalo); "Air de 'Fernand Cortez'" (Spontini); Madame Brunet-Lafleur; "Sylvie" (Ballet); Suite d'Orchestre, Léo Delibes.

D ANOPRAMA.—ROYAL LONDON PANORAMA, Leicester Square, will open to the public on MONDAY, March 28, at the

CHARGE OF BALACLAVA.—Magnificent Oil Painting covering 1,500 square yards, painted by THÉO. POILPOT and STEPHEN JACOB.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.—The EXHIBITION will remain open from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. Lighted after dusk with ELECTRIC LIGHT (system Janin).

CARDIGAN and the LIGHT BRIGADE. Portraits of H. R. H. Duke of Cambridge, Marechal Canrobert, Lord Raglan, Lord Lucan, Lord Cardigan, Sir Colin Campbell, Lord George Paget, Sir George Wombwell, General d'Altonville, and General Morris.

SPECIAL AFTERNOON, FRIDAYS, Admission HALF A CROWN.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by ARTISTS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS is now open at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next to the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, AND DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY LIVING ARTISTS, now OPEN daily, 10 to 6. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS OF SWISS ARTISTS, instituted by the Cercle des Beaux Arts of Geneva, 168, New Bond Street, now open. Admission ONE SHILLING.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free, on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily to 6. One Shilling.

B RIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.00 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton on Sundays at 8.30 p.m.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

T HE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.00 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-quinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

T HE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might before long prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity of the present time of good engravers; and unless a practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of *The Graphic* have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving for male students, in which they will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum (according to progress made) varying from £13 in the second, to £75 in the fifth year. The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also a copy of candidate addressed "To the Manager of *The Graphic*, 190, Strand, W.C., and marked Drawings for Competition."

THE NEW VOLUME
(No. XXII.) OFTHE GRAPHIC
IS NOW READY,

Containing the Numbers issued from July 1 to Dec. 31, and including the Christmas Number, with its now famous picture, "Cherry Ripe," by J. E. Millais, R.A., and over 500 illustrations of current events, original drawings, portraits of eminent persons, and copies of celebrated paintings.

A most handsome and welcome present, in blue cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

It can be obtained through any Bookseller in the Kingdom.



THE LATE ALEXANDER II.

A SPECIALLY-WRITTEN Life of the late Czar and a Biography of the new Czar Alexander III. will be found on page 278.

THE RETURN OF ALEXANDER II. FROM THE CAMP AT KISCHINEFF

IN May, 1877, the people of St. Petersburg gave the Czar a most enthusiastic reception on his return from the Russian Headquarters Camp at Kischineff. The houses were gaily decorated with flags, carpets, and evergreens, and the streets were crowded with holiday folk of all classes; the mills and workshops being closed for the day. Many troops had of course departed for the seat of war, but still enough were left wherewith to make a grand display, and the Imperial procession passed along amid loud acclaim from the delighted populace. During the whole day, a number of ladies went about among the crowd collecting money for the relief of the sick and wounded, and at night the whole city was brilliantly illuminated.

BEFORE PLEVNA

THIS sketch depicts the late Czar and his brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, watching the progress of the assault upon the fortified heights of Mount Plevna, which were so stubbornly defended by the Turks, and the capture of which cost the lives of so many brave soldiers on both sides.

THE CZAR MARKING RECRUITS

IS a scene in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where, at the beginning of the Russo-Turkish War in 1877, large numbers of recruits assembled in order that the Czar might allot them to the particular regiments for which he thought them best fitted. The Czar passed down the line, and with a piece of chalk marked the jacket of each soldier with the number of the regiment decided upon.

THE CZAR AND HIS STAFF AT GORNY STUDEN

WE have here a portrait group of Alexander II. and some of his chief officers, as photographed in September, 1877, at the headquarters of the Russian army, by M. Duscheck, of Bucharest.

THE CZAREVITCH AND HIS STAFF ON THE FIELD

IT will be remembered that the Czarevitch (now Czar Alexander II.), was in command of the army of the Lom, which met with such determined resistance from the Turkish troops under Mehemet Ali, during the Russo-Turkish War, and this engraving shows him riding at the head of his staff.—This engraving is also from a photograph by M. Duscheck, of Bucharest.

THE EXPLOSION ON THE MOSCOW RAILWAY

OUR next two illustrations depict the condition of the Moscow Railway after the abortive attempt to blow up the Imperial train in December, 1879; and the house beside the line, which was occupied by the conspirators, and from which they constructed a tunnel under the permanent way in which to deposit the explosive.

A "TE DEUM" SERVICE

FINALLY we have a sketch of the Te Deum Service performed in the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg on the day after the failure of the attempt to blow up the Winter Palace in February last year, when his late Imperial Majesty so narrowly escaped being killed.

A RUSSIAN RAILWAY ON THE ICE

THIS sketch represents the official opening of the railway line across the sea between Oranienbaum and Cronstadt, which took place last month. This is said to be the first railway ever laid on the ice in Europe. It is thought that this enterprise will be of immense advantage to the trade of St. Petersburg, for previously merchandise was transported across by horses and carts at great expense. It is said that about 10,000,000/- of goods was this winter lying in Cronstadt waiting for the opening of the water-traffic with St. Petersburg. Thus it was ultimately decided to try the experiment of laying a line on the ice in connection with the Baltic railroad.

As the concession was only obtained when the season was somewhat advanced, the line cannot be worked profitably this year, but the experiment has proved the practical utility of the enterprise, and thus an important difficulty for the mercantile world of North-Eastern Europe has been solved. The distance on the ice is 6½ versts, and a locomotive and two carriages traversed the half of this distance on the 1st ult. Our artist, who made the trip, writes that no difference was felt when crossing the ice from travelling on *terra firma*. The sketch shows some moujiks (labouring men on the road) saluting the train as it passes from the shore on to the ice.

MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING IN INDIA

COONOR is one of the minor sanitary stations on the Neilgherry Hills, Madras, and is situated on the crest of the hills some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The European residences are placed on the top of a range of hills which rise from a high mountain called Coonoor Betta towards the summit of the pass; while the bazaar and native residences are in the hollow beneath. As may be imagined, the road is somewhat steep and is studded with awkward corners, in trying to turn which restive steeds occasionally attempt to take a short cut to the bottom to the imminent risk of their driver's life and limb.

LOBSTER SPEARING IN CANADA

THIS sport is pursued in the Indian fashion by torchlight. A dark calm night and a falling tide are the first requisites, and the crew of the canoe must consist of three—one to row; one to hold the torch so that its light will fall through the shallow water and light up the bottom to show the lobsters crouched among the seaweed; and last, but not least, the spearer, armed with a long wooden spear, which requires considerable skill and practice to drive down, so that the two prongs will close over the lobster's back, capturing him firmly, while leaving his body uninjured. It is a sport both exciting and picturesque, as the boat creeps along under the shadow of the bank, and the torch casts a Rembrandtish light on the occupants and on the overhanging trees. The captive lobsters sometimes make very unpleasant occupiers of a boat, and it requires great equanimity to feel them crawling about one's feet.

THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL

"SOUTHWARD HO"

THE armistice has been prolonged by five days, and it was hoped that the negotiations would have a peaceful issue. Several meetings have been held in London and the provinces to protest against the renewal of hostilities, and Mr. Bright, in reply to the International Address from the Dutch Committee has written, saying that his influence will be exerted in favour of peace, as the conflict is one in

which England can gain nothing, not even military glory—the poorest kind of glory, in his opinion, which men and nations strive for. Meanwhile the reinforcements continue to be despatched as quickly as the transport vessels can be got ready. The *Egypt* sailed from Portsmouth on Saturday, and the *Persian Monarch* on Tuesday, from the Royal Albert Docks, London.

Our engraving depicts a touching incident common enough at the various ports of embarkation. A soldier taking leave of the aged father and young sweetheart on the wharf. Such a parting must be most agonising; but duty's call must be obeyed, and we can only hope that the fortune of war will enable the brave soldier to return safe and sound to the girl he leaves behind him.

WITH SIR GEORGE POMEROY COLLEY—A RECONNAISSANCE

WHILE the Natal Field Force was concentrating at Newcastle, Sir George P. Colley wished to have a report on the nature of the country at the Pass of the Drakensberg, called the "Nek," above Laing's Farm. An officer was directed to make the reconnaissance, and forty Natal police were sent as an escort. As it was reported that the Boers had of late daily occupied the Nek with two or three hundred mounted men, the party started at 10 P.M. It was a moonlight night, and after halting for half an hour at a store or canteen, called Savory and Bake's, they reached the top of the Pass, which is twenty-five miles from Newcastle, about half an hour before dawn. As soon as it was light the officer and some eight men, who were spread out over the Transvaal side of the Pass (the rest of the party remaining under cover on the Natal side of the ridge), examined the country, and then retired without seeing a Boer. The rearguard, however, were scarcely 400 yards down the hill, when two mounted Boers were seen on the ridge galloping off towards the Buffalo River. As it was more than possible that the Boers might send a force to cut off the party at Van der Merve's Drift, about two miles from Savory and Bake's, some fifteen men had been left to watch that Drift. On reaching the spot it was found that no one had been seen to cross, and the party trotting on to the Ingogo, fifteen miles from Newcastle, where the danger of being cut off ceased, slackened their pace and walked leisurely home, returning about 10.30 A.M. The Boer vedettes were seen on the hills in the Buffalo Valley all the way as far as the Ingogo River. The sketch from which our engraving has been taken, together with the above description, was from the late Major Poole, R.A., who subsequently fell in the attack on Laing's Nek.

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 277.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA

WE gave a brief account of this picturesque little island and of the disaster which has laid so much of it in ruins, last week. Further details place the exact loss of life at 116, while 449 houses have been thrown down or hopelessly injured. *The Times* correspondent states that Casamicciola is now half in ruins, and that even those houses standing are crippled by elisions. The streets are furrowed by fissures and the great proportion of the population have fled to the country, where tents have been erected for them. Indeed the Italian authorities appear to have been most prompt to render assistance. Immediately on the reception of the news in Naples a detachment of infantry and pioneers were despatched to clear the ruins and disinter the bodies, as there was much danger involved in the work of excavation from the falling of the shattered houses. The theatre and the brick and terra cotta works are being converted into temporary homes for the sufferers, and 200 wooden sheds are being erected. Numbers of military tents have already been sent from Naples, whence also a large quantity of bread is contributed by the Press Committee. It is to be feared that Casamicciola, which has been a very favourite and fashionable resort of the Italians for the cure of rheumatism and other maladies, will be ruined for the ensuing season—as people will be afraid to visit it after such a disaster, and, moreover, the houses will require repairs before they can be inhabited with safety. A Scientific Commission, composed of Professors Palmieri, Scacchi, Linno, and Guiscardi, have gone to Casamicciola to endeavour to ascertain whether the earthquake was or was not due to local causes—such as the continual excavation of clay and the pumping out of the mineral waters.—Our engravings of the ruins are from sketches by Mr. F. Hyde, of Capri, and those of the town before the disaster from photographs supplied by M. Adolfo Funagalli, 538, Oxford Street, W.

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND

"BOYCOTTERS BOYCOTTED" represents a scene which has of late been frequently witnessed in different parts of Ireland, where the endeavours of the Land Leaguers, by intimidation or other means, to render abortive the auction sales of farm stock seized for rent, have been frustrated by the representatives of the Property Protection Association and others. In this particular instance the Land League party assembled in large numbers, wearing green scarves, and resorting to their usual tactics, made derisive bids of "sixpence" or "a ha'penny," but the landlord's friends joined in the bidding, and after a few lots had been knocked down to them at ridiculously low prices, the farmers began to realise the fact that they were checkmated and accordingly stopped the sale by at once tendering their rents in cash.

The arrests hitherto made under the Coercion Act have not been very numerous, nor have the chief leaders of the movement yet been deprived of liberty. Mr. J. W. Nally, better known by the sobriquet of "Scrab" Nally, who was one of the witnesses for the defence in the recent State Trials at Dublin was arrested last week at Balla, County Mayo, the warrant for his apprehension stating that he was "reasonably suspected of inciting to murder." He was taken to Dublin by rail, and at Mullingar and other stations where the train stopped, he insisting on haranguing the people on the platform from the carriage window. At the Dublin terminus, while being removed from the train to a cab, he shouted, "Is there no longer any manhood in Ireland?" and fiercely declared that "for every patriot arrested a foeman should be laid prostrate," and on alighting at the gate of Kilmainham prison he turned towards the crowd of bystanders and striking a melodramatic attitude, exclaimed at the top of his voice, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

THE ATTACK ON LAING'S NEK

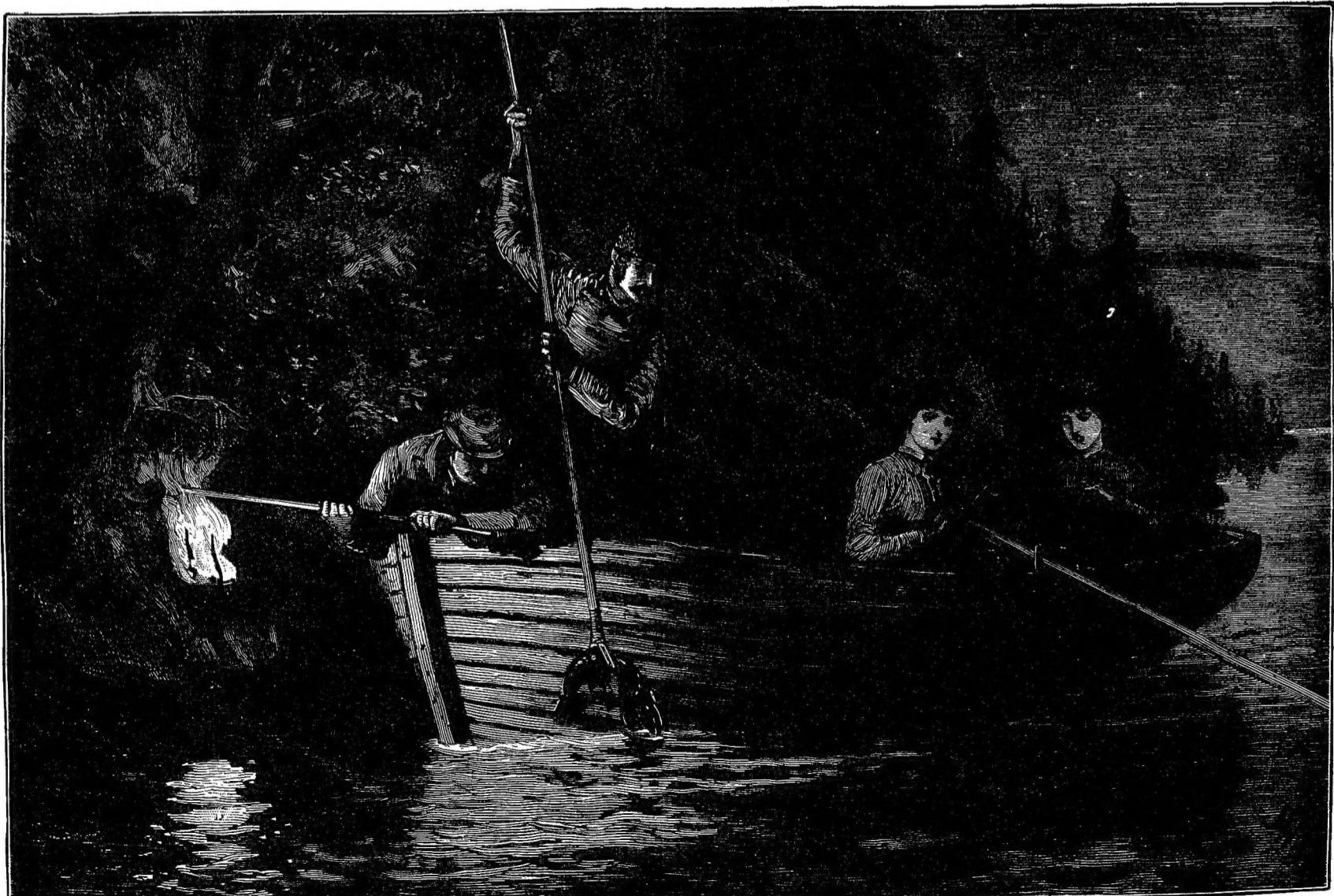
"MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. P. COLLEY'S advance," writes Captain R. C. Birkett, of the Intelligence Department, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which the panorama of the attack on Laing's Nek (forming our extra supplement) was engraved, "was made at 6.30 A.M. from the fortified camp situated on a low spur of the Majuba Mountain, and overlooking the Buffalo Ravine—the Transvaal Border. At half-past nine the guns of the Royal Artillery shelled the heights on the right and the intervening ravines.

"The 58th moved along the dip until in position, and then began storming the hill on the left in order to command the 'Nek' itself. Directly the 58th were well ascending the hill, the Boers opened a heavy fire from the first ledge, but were obliged to retire further back. The Boers, however, were strongly reinforced at the top of the hill, and, moreover, had rifle pits along the ridge. Thus the fire became so hot that the gallant regiment had to retire.

"Directly the retreat commenced, the Boers took possession of a small ravine on our left and enfiladed the 58th with a terrible fire which lasted the whole time they descended the hill. It would be



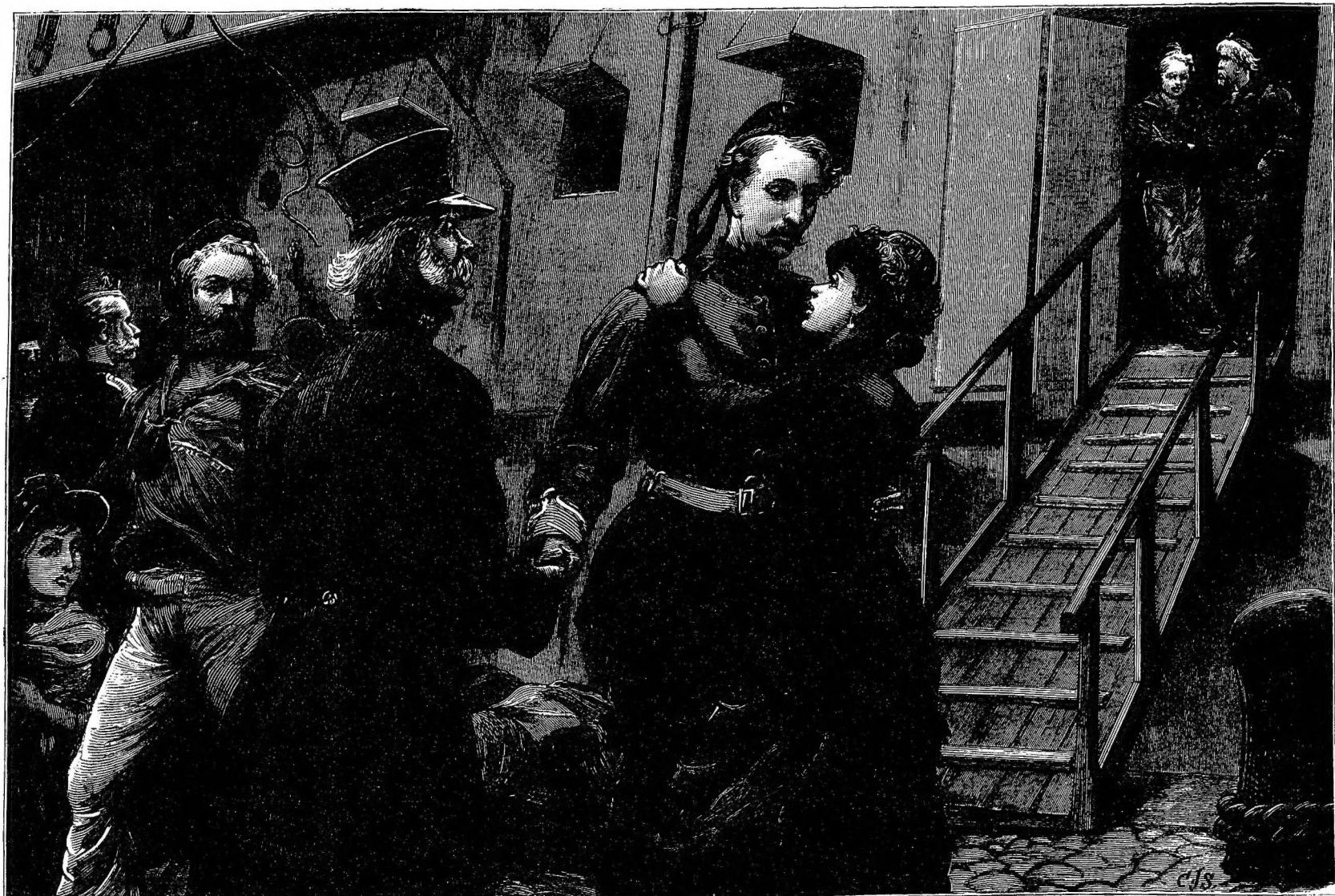
MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING IN INDIA—THE SHORTEST WAY DOWN THE COONOR GHAUT



LOBSTER SPEARING BY TORCHLIGHT IN CANADA



RECONNOITRING AT LAING'S NEK, JANUARY 19, 1881
FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE MAJOR POOLE, R.A., KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON LAING'S NEK, JANUARY 28, 1881



DEPARTURE OF THE REINFORCEMENTS—"SOUTHWARD HO," A SKETCH ON THE WHARF AT PORTSMOUTH

of little use describing the manoeuvring of the 60th and of the Artillery, as these troops were simply used to cover the advance and the retreat of the 58th. The criticisms that will be passed on this engagement will be no doubt of a very adverse character; and it was certainly most unfortunate that the Major-General commanding took the field with so inadequate a force.

"The position held by the Boers was a most formidable one to be attacked by our army, numbering only about one-third of their own. Their fighting was most determined, and the large reinforcements they had posted in reserve behind the hills rendered their position almost impregnable to our small force. The brave Colonel commanding the column, Colonel Deane, was one of the first to fall whilst gallantly cheering on the 58th. Major Poole, R.H.A., a clever and rising officer, and Lieutenant Inman, of the 60th, A.D.C. to Colonel Deane, soon fell near their leader. Then Lieutenant

feared the power and prestige of Great Britain in South Africa would be broken by an ignominious peace.—The Coventry election has resulted in the triumph of Mr. Eaton, the Conservative candidate, who polled 4,011 votes against Sir U. J. Kay-Shuttleworth's 3,568; but it is said that the return will be petitioned against on the ground of corrupt practices. There was much excitement in the town on the election day, and at one time there was a battle royal between the police and the mob, the former using their staves, and the latter paving-stones or any other missiles that came to hand. Mr. Parnell sent a letter to the Irish electors in the borough calling upon them to support the anti-Government candidate.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S CLAIM to sit and vote as the Parliamentary representative of Northampton, after affirmation in lieu of the oath, has been negatived by Mr. Justice Mathew, one of the newly-appointed judges, whose decision will, however, be immediately



A, A, A. Line of march of troops.—H, H, H. Position successively taken up by Artillery in our advance.—C, C. Ground on which troops and artillery formed from 1,700 to 2,300 yards distant from most of the points occupied by Boers.—E, E. Highest point of Table Hill, the key of position.—F, F. Wall and enclosed ground occupied by Company Rifles, Naval Brigade, and rockets; sending rockets over Nek.—G, G. Companies Rifles.—H, H. Natal Police covering left.—I, I. Company Rifles, on right of guns.—K, K. Advance of 58th.—L, L. Advance of mounted troops.—O, O. Actual point of charge; where Brownlow's sergeant-major and his own horse were killed.—P, P. Ground occupied by Boers after repulse of Brownlow.—X, X. Point where Deane, Poole, Elwes, and largest number of men were killed when charging for E.—Q, Q. Slope held for some time by two companies 58th, to cover withdrawal of rest.—R, R. Rifles extended to cover withdrawal of 58th.—S, S, S, S. Ground occupied by Boers on left.—T, T. Grassy, undulating plateau, separated by narrow, deep valleys, with very steep sides.—V, V. Square-topped mountains, about 2,000 feet above plateau, with precipitous sides and intricate wooded Kloofs commanding road; not good for Boers fighting in masses, but admirable cover for a few marksmen.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF SKETCH OF ACTION AT LAING'S NEK ON JANUARY 28, 1881, BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE COLLEY
SENT BY HIM TO SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B., Q.M.G.

Elwes, A.D.C. to the General, and friend and favourite of all in camp, was the next to be laid low. No words can be sufficient to convey an idea of the gallantry of the 58th, charging up a long and steep hill, until their fatigue was so great that the officers and men could scarcely speak or move when they attained the summit of the hill. Thus their condition was such that they could then do nothing but beat a retreat. This was conducted as steadily as an ordinary parade, though the soldiers were subjected to a fire as heavy and telling in its effects as troops have ever lived under in the history of our army. The names of all who fell have been published long before this; but in again mentioning some of them I wish to bear testimony to as good men and true as ever wore uniform. I mean the officers of the 58th, Major Hingeston, Lieutenant Dolphin, and Lieutenant Baillie. Much could be said also of the gallantry displayed in the fight by the officers and men of the other regiments; but, in conclusion, I will only mention the splendid conduct of Major Brownlow, King's Dragoon Guards, and Sergeant-Major Looney."

NOTE.—We omitted to state in our issue of March 5 that our portraits of the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia were from photographs—the Prince by T. Prüm, Berlin, and the Princess by Mr. Bassano, of 25, Old Bond Street, W. The portrait of the Czar Alexander III., published this week, is from a photograph by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

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IRELAND.—Mr. Boyton has been visited in the prison by the American Consul in Dublin, who has forwarded a statement as to his American citizenship to the United States Consul in London. Several Land League meetings were held in Ireland on Sunday, the rumour that they would be forbidden by the Government having turned out erroneous. Mr. Parnell remains noticeably quiet, but his sister Anna has been orating on behalf of the League in Liverpool and London, and his mother at Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. Archbishop McCabe has issued a pastoral strongly denouncing the Land League, especially its female section "who, under the flimsy pretext of charity, forgot the modesty and dignity of their sex by taking their stand in the noisy arena of public life." Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., has written to the Archbishop, expressing a hope that his Grace will, on calm reflection, regret having thus publicly insulted and wronged some of the most exemplary and devoted children of the Church. The Orange Emergency Committee have sent a relief party to till the glebe lands of the Rev. Canon Fleming of Connemara, who has for some time been Boycotted. The *Freeman's Journal* says that the subject discussed at the meeting of Roman Catholic prelates on Tuesday was a proposal from Rome for the appointment of a Papal Nuncio at the Court of St. James's, which they were unanimous in emphatically rejecting. The *Freeman* regards the proposal as one of the most dangerous intrigues ever attempted by England against the nationality and the faith of Catholic Ireland.

AN EXTRAORDINARY COLLISION took place on Saturday in the Channel off Start Point, the African Steamship Company's steamer Benin being overtaken and run down by the Teuton line steamer Duke of Buccleuch, while both vessels were steaming in the same direction. The Benin was cut down to the water's edge and founded in about twenty minutes afterwards, the captain and crew only having time to escape with their lives. They were landed at Plymouth on Sunday by the Duke of Buccleuch, which then proceeded on her voyage to Ceylon, having sustained no serious damage. Each vessel lays the blame of the disaster on the other, but a strict inquiry will doubtless be made into all the circumstances.

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS.—A deputation, representing the whole body of telegraph clerks employed in the United Kingdom, on Tuesday waited on the Postmaster-General to set forth their grievances with regard to pay and order of promotion. The interview lasted six hours, and was strictly private, so that all that is yet known of its result is that "the case is still under consideration."



The procedure in Parliament this week carries the mind of the oldest inhabitant back to days that seem to belong to history. Certainly at no time later than the first Session of the last Parliament has Supply been granted in the circumstances which have marked the progress of the votes this week. The period of quietude and of possibilities for business is all the more acceptable since it followed immediately upon prospects of quite another kind. The week opened amid circumstances of unusual excitement. Mr. Gladstone had given notice that on Monday he would move a resolution declaring that the state of public business is urgent, and that Supply should accordingly be voted under the Urgency Rules. It was known, vaguely throughout Sunday, and with great distinctness on Monday, that the Opposition had made up their minds to cry Halt! in the friendly march they had hitherto taken with their hereditary adversaries. Sir Stafford Northcote issued a manifesto to his constituents, in which he showed cause against the Premier's proposition, and it was known when the House met that it was on the eve of a great conflict.

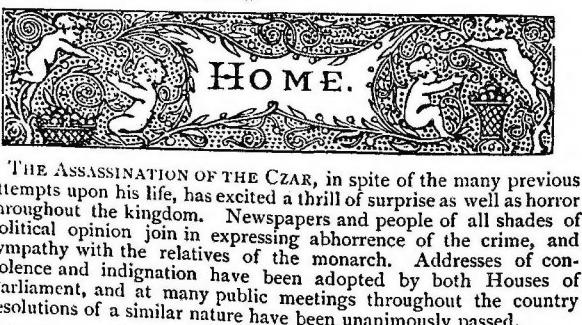
The House was densely crowded, in obedience to "whips" issued from either side. It frequently happens that when the House itself is crowded, and when the galleries allotted to strangers are in their normal condition with every seat occupied, there is a gap in the front gallery to the left of the clock. This is where peers are privileged to sit in the course of debates, and one of the surest signs of an exceptionally interesting night in the Commons is to find from a dozen to a score of peers seated here. On Monday night the small gallery was filled to its utmost capacity, and noble lords were content to stand in a mob at the back of the stairs leading to the gallery, much as if they were "strangers" who had failed at the ballot.

As in other popular theatres, there was, before the principal drama of the evening came on, something that served as a *lever de rideau*. On the previous Friday Mr. Bradlaugh's case in the courts of law had come to a somewhat sudden termination. Mr. Justice Mathew had given judgment against the member for Northampton on the question of the legality of his seat in the House, and with great presence of mind Mr. Gorst had, within the space of an hour, given notice in the House that he would move the issue of a new writ for Northampton. It was generally known that the more mature wisdom of the Conservative Party had not leaped with the enthusiasm of Mr. Gorst. It was conceded, even by those who most bitterly resent the presence of Mr. Bradlaugh in the House, that the member for Chatham was a little in a hurry, seeing that Mr. Bradlaugh had given notice of appeal. What Mr. Gorst would do, and what might follow on his action, formed another problem of the sitting. No long time was allowed to elapse before satisfaction of curiosity on this point was forthcoming. Mr. Bradlaugh, who night after night rises to present petitions in favour of his motion for a Select Committee on Perpetual Pensions, presented himself shortly after four o'clock in accordance with his habitude. Thereupon Mr. Gorst challenged his right to take part in the proceedings of the House, submitting the question as a point of order to the Speaker. The House showed little inclination to enter upon the controversy, and after the Attorney-General and the ex-Attorney-General had spoken, and Mr. Labouchere had appeared in his accustomed character of *amicus curiae*, the Speaker adroitly declined the responsibility thrust upon him, saying it was for the House not for him to determine Mr. Bradlaugh's status. A little later, when questions were disposed of, Mr. Gorst had his opportunity of moving for the issue of a new writ. But in the interval discreet counsels had prevailed, and he for the present postponed action.

After this stage was cleared for the principal piece of the evening, and the stars of the company appeared in the first scene, each being welcomed by a round of applause from his partisans. There was happily no opportunity for speech-making. The rules relating to urgency require that the question should be put forthwith; and thus it was on Monday. Sir Stafford Northcote had had his say in his manifesto to his constituents. Mr. Gladstone had, in less ordered fashion, endeavoured to put in a rejoinder by an ingenious process of questioning, in which Mr. Dillwyn played the part of the innocent inquirer. After this there was nothing but the division, which was taken amid a scene of growing excitement. Everyone knew beforehand what would be the main result. It was literally impossible for the vote of urgency to be carried, seeing that the Conservatives had decided to oppose it, and that it could be agreed to only by a majority of three to one. The figures showed 296 for the resolution and 212 against. With such a minority it required, to carry the resolution, 537 in the majority. This, of course, was beyond the possibility of the House of Commons, and the resolution was lost. As a test of parties the process had its uses, showing that even in combination with the Parnellites the Conservatives might be beaten by a majority of 84. But only eleven of the Irish members voted with the Conservatives, about a dozen others walking out without voting, thus showing that it was from no love of Conservatism that they had hitherto opposed the Ministry. The eleven who voted with the Conservatives were such as Mr. Biggar, Mr. Finigan, and Mr. Callan—gentlemen whose natural instincts draw them in the direction of the minority, and who, whatever be the question of the moment, are safe to "go agin the Government." As between the two great parties, there was less cross-voting than there had been on any great question for several years. Mr. Newdegate voted with the Liberals, Mr. Cowen and Sir John Ennis with the Conservatives. Otherwise either party followed its leaders.

It is the indirect result of this division which has predominated throughout the week, bringing about the remarkable consequences hinted at above. Mr. Gladstone declared that urgency was absolutely essential to the passing of vote in Supply, which must be agreed to before March 21st. The proposal being aimed directly against the Parnellites was of course resisted by them, whilst the Conservatives, after due deliberation, determined to take the step of opposing and (therefore) defeating the motion. To do this threw a serious responsibility upon them. The conditions under which urgency is voted made them absolute masters of the situation. Having accepted this responsibility they naturally were careful to minimise its weight as much as possible, and no efforts have been spared to prevent obstruction and so justify the momentous action taken on Monday. The Irish members being in the same boat, and having also protested that urgency was not necessary, were likewise under the necessity of proving the correctness of their judgment.

The consequence of this united action has been of the happiest nature. The Conservative Opposition has both by precept and practice made the way smooth for the despatch of public business. The Irish members have very fairly backed up these efforts, and Monday and Tuesday saw such progress with Supply as has not gladdened the heart of any Minister for many years. On Monday two of the Irish votes and the whole of the remainder of the Civil Service Supplementary Estimates were agreed to, forty votes being taken in a single sitting. On Tuesday there came up the Irish votes, including such attractive controversial matter as the charges for the State Trial in Dublin. On these the Irish members talked for some hours; but nothing in the slightest degree approaching Obstruction showed itself, and by midnight these votes also were agreed to. On



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR, in spite of the many previous attempts upon his life, has excited a thrill of surprise as well as horror throughout the kingdom. Newspapers and people of all shades of political opinion join in expressing abhorrence of the crime, and sympathy with the relatives of the monarch. Addresses of condolence and indignation have been adopted by both Houses of Parliament, and at many public meetings throughout the country resolutions of a similar nature have been unanimously passed.

POLITICAL ITEMS.—Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary attempt to enforce "urgency" in Committee of Supply was made the occasion of a long letter from Sir Stafford Northcote to his constituents, in which he stated that the Conservative party would oppose it, because they believed it to be of vital importance, as touching the very essence and marrow of our Parliamentary system.—Sir J. Holker, too, speaking to his constituents, said that the Premier's notice of motion was "a staggerer." Turning to other matters, he referred to bribery at elections, saying that he believed both parties bribed enormously, but that the Liberals had the greater bribing power; and remarked, with regard to the Transvaal war, that he

Wednesday a vote on account of the Army Estimates and the vote on account of a Subvention to India for the Afghan War were agreed to, the Opposition reserving till Mr. Stanhope's motion comes on the full measure of its condemnation of the policy of the Government in this quarter of the world.



THE GRAPHIC GALLERY

The great interest with which the public regarded the Types of Female Beauty by English artists, exhibited last year, has induced the proprietors of the enterprise to give a similar commission to six of the most accomplished French painters. As in the former case, no restrictions have been imposed, each artist having been left free to work in accordance with his own impulses. Their collected productions consequently show the utmost variety of style and treatment. Together with the English pictures, which are seen under much more favourable conditions of light than before, they are now open to view in a new gallery attached to *The Graphic* Office in the Strand. The French pictures are on a rather larger scale than the English, the heads being all of life-size.

The first in order, by M. Gustave Jacquet, besides being an admirable type of youthful French beauty, has in an eminent degree the charm of expression; while a nascent smile plays about the mouth, the lovely eyes, overshadowed by a large black hat, are full of earnestness. Of the admirable workmanship, or of the skilful way in which the varied reflections of light and colour on the face are rendered, it would be difficult to speak too highly. M. Paul Baudry, whose reputation has been long established, has painted a lady of aristocratic aspect, with a somewhat vague expression on her refined face, with his accustomed ability. Beauty of a more mature kind is to be seen in M. Jules Goupi's picture of a lady in the quaint costume of the revolutionary period, with a huge pink hat on her head. The face, which is indicative of amiability combined with calm self-reliance, is drawn and modelled in masterly style. The very fair lady with golden hair, portrayed by M. Henri Lévy, has unquestionable beauty, of which she seems to be fully conscious as she glances over her shoulder with a somewhat disdainful air. The picture is remarkable for the extreme brilliancy of the flesh tints, and its general harmony of colour, as well as for its masterly handling. The contribution of M. Pierre Auguste Cot is more sombre in tone than the rest, and more severe in style. Difference of opinion may reasonably exist with regard to the beauty of this very dark-complexioned woman in mediæval attire, but there can be no question as to the artistic completeness of the picture, its finished workmanship, and perfect keeping. M. Carolus Duran, the most popular of living French portrait painters, has chosen as his model a lady of ample form and exuberant beauty. The rather theatrical costume, the yellow turban, and the rest, are loosely executed, but the head, which is full of vitality, is painted with a free, firm, and expressive touch that could scarcely be excelled.

At the end of the Gallery is a large water-colour drawing by Mr. C. E. Fripp, representing one of the most memorable incidents in the South African campaign. In "Dying to Save the Queen's Colours," as the picture is called, the desperate encounter, ending in the death of Lieutenants Coghill and Melville, with a body of Zulus, is vividly pourtrayed. Mr. Fripp, of course, did not witness the struggle, but in his capacity of special artist of *The Graphic* he had ample opportunities of studying the character of the natives and the aspect of the country, and there can be little doubt that the scene is depicted very nearly as it occurred. And apart from fidelity to actual fact, the picture has great merit as a work of art. The attitude of the officer, who with sword in one hand and revolver in the other strides his already fallen comrade, is full of expressive energy, and the lithe figures of the Zulus who are ferociously attacking him are designed with great knowledge and skill. In addition to these works, the Gallery contains a series of original designs in black and white, for illustrations that have already appeared, and a small collection of water-colour drawings by well-known painters. The catalogue is furnished with engravings of all the English pictures belonging to the "Gallery of Beauty."

EXHIBITION OF SWISS ART

The exhibition which has just been opened at 168, New Bond Street, is of less comprehensive character than might be inferred from its title. Organised by the "Cercle des Beaux Arts" of Geneva, it consists exclusively of pictures by artists belonging to that canton. Among the recent productions, the best are by painters already well known in London and Paris. By Edouard Castres, there's a characteristic picture of Swiss life, "Crossing the Frontier in Upper Savoy," full of animation, and painted with his accustomed delicacy and *finesse*; and by Ch. Vuillermet, a half-length "Portrait of M. S. C.," in which the appearance of extreme old age is rendered with realistic truth. Every wrinkle in the face and every detail of the costume is delineated with minute and elaborate care, but the general effect is broad and simple, and were it not for a certain crudity in the flesh-tints, the picture would be in excellent keeping. Both these works appeared in the Paris Salon last year.

The most important picture in the collection, higher in aim than the rest, and more complete in accomplishment, is "William Tell saving Baumgarten," by Leonard Lagardon, an artist born in the first year of the present century, and still living. It is by no means a recent work, having been exhibited in Paris in 1834. A striking incident in Schiller's "Tell" is here realised with extraordinary dramatic force; the composition is excellent, and the figures, all in vigorous action, are designed with masterly knowledge and power. The picture is moreover distinguished by a noble simplicity of style not often to be found in modern Art. For many years this fine work—probably the highest achievement of modern Swiss Art—has occupied a place in the Council Hall at Berne; it has been lent for exhibition by the Federal Government. The picturesque little "Street Scene in Rome," by Van Muyden, besides being strikingly true in local character, is very harmonious in tone, a quality in which most of the modern Swiss landscapes are singularly deficient. In addition to the examples of contemporary Art, there are a few works of an earlier period. The first in date is a portrait of himself, full of character, and painted in a sound and unaffected style by J. Pierre Saint-Ours, who acquired some distinction as an historical painter in the latter half of the last century. A small and highly finished picture of "The Fair," by Agasse, displays much diversity of character, and Madame Munier-Romilly's portrait of "The Countess Guiccioli" is interesting if not very important as a work of Art. By F. Diday there is an able landscape, "Oberland," and by A. Calame, whose clever but conventional lithographs of Swiss scenery were extremely popular here some thirty years ago, a large picture of "A Wreck at Sea," more remarkable for its facile skill of handling than its truth of effect.



THE TURF.—By way of making up for rather meagre bills of fare for the last few weeks, there have during the present week been "illegitimate" meetings in all directions, at Derby for instance, Cheltenham, Crewkerne, and at Four Oaks Park (Birmingham), where also the Grand National Hunt programme will be carried out. The Birmingham Meeting, the most important of all, we must speak of at the time of writing as a future event, as it does not conclude till after we go to press; and of the others there is little or nothing of interest to be recorded, as both the equine and human performers have been for the most part before the public week after week since the season began, and not a single event can be said to have thrown any light on the great "cross country" race to be run at Liverpool next week. It may be noted, however, that Quits, once so famous as a "punter" in flat races, came to the fore again in the Meynell Plate at Derby; and that Cynthia took the big steeplechase for Lord Marcus Beresford, while at Crewkerne Lord Wolverton and Mr. Arthur Yates share "as per usual" most of the good things.—For the Grand National, Jupiter Tonans is now at the head of the market prices, and will probably be ridden by R. I'Anson, his trainer, and not by his owner, Mr. Lee-Barber. It will be remembered that last year he ran very prominently for a long distance, and it was thought that if so much use had not been made of him he might have won. Liberator is still dubious as to his market status, but probably will be in demand before the flag falls. But the openness of the race is shown by the large number of horses which figure at between 10 and 15 to 1. Among them is New Glasgow, who, though not a fancy of the general public, in the opinion of many good judges will take a very prominent part in the race; while Liberator is by no means thought unlikely to repeat his victory of two years ago. The Lincolnshire Handicap, also to be decided next week, when the flat-racing season of 1881 begins, has likewise an open appearance, no warmer favourite than Henry George at 9 to 1 engaging the affection of backers. Peter's position seems shaky, and after all he may be reserved for the City and Suburban. Elf King, a stable companion, is now more in demand than Mr. Best's famous horse, but after the experience of last year the stable may find a better on the day than either.—Great regret is felt in racing circles and in aristocratic society at the sudden death of Count Jaraczewski, a very intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. It was the deceased who took the lucky double event bet last autumn of 10,000 to 100 against Robert the Devil for the Cesarewitch, and Lucetta for the Cambridgeshire.

FOOTBALL.—At the Oval on Saturday, the Grand Annual Match (Association) between England and Scotland was played before a numerous assembly, and the Southerners suffered a signal defeat by six goals to one. The summary of previous games gives Scotland six wins, and England two, while two games have been drawn.—The final match in the Hospital Cup contest was decided at Putney on Monday last in accordance with anticipations from the first—Bartholomew's (affectionately spoken of as "Barts") defeating London with forty-five points to one.

COURSES.—The recent Plumpton Meeting, notwithstanding the semi-artificial character of the system of coursing here pursued, must be put down as a success. The great majority of the trials were very satisfactory, especially to the "pursued," as one after another they got away from their enemies to the well-known cry of "live hare." The Great Southern Cup, for 102 All-Aged, was of course the great feature of the gathering, and resulted in the victory of Mr. T. Clift's Clyto, over Mr. H. Haywood's Rhodora, in the deciding course. That Clyto is a very good animal was shown by his having divided a sixty-four Dog Stake at Plumpton in January last with Princess Dagmar, the recent winner of the Waterloo Cup. In the contest, too, for this great prize, Clyto up to certain point performed well, and had it not been for a serious fall in his course with Bishop, he would probably have gone into the slips with the winner for the "decider." Rhodora was sold for a pretty stiff figure to Mr. E. M. Cross before she ran in the Southern Cup.—By the way, Mr. Miller, in whose nomination Princess Dagmar won the Waterloo Cup, has offered her owner, Mr. Postle, 600/- for her, but he holds out, it is said, for 800/-.

AQUATICS.—The practice of the University Crews on their home waters is drawing to a close. The Oxford Crew will probably betake itself to Cookham or Marlow, the death of Mr. Grenfell's sister preventing the hospitality of Taplow Court being extended to the Dark Blues this year. The Light Blues will most likely be seen on the London water early next week; and though odds have hitherto been laid on Oxford, so great has been the improvement of the former, that the wagering may be actually reversed.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The two great international contests at New York have resulted in a victory for both our representatives. The Six Days' Championship Go-as-you-please affair was won by Charles Rowell, of Chesterton, "The World Champion," his opponent James Albert (O'Leary's Unknown), retiring comparatively early in the contest; while H. Vaughan, of Chester, beat O'Leary, of Chicago, easily enough in the Six Days' "Walk." At more than one point of both contests, our representatives had beaten all previous records.—It is said that Mr. Myers, the American Amateur Champion, will come to this country to take a part at our Amateur Champion Meeting in July next. If his "times" at various distances in America are to be relied on, our best amateurs will indeed have to look to their laurels.

SHOOTING.—The "Championship" Pigeon Shooting Match at Hendon has caused considerable interest, and was conducted in a satisfactory manner. The final heat was between Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott, the former winning; but at the glass ball contest at the Aquarium, not concluded at the time of writing, Mr. Scott is a little ahead of the Doctor.

Mr. F. J. SKILL, a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colour, died suddenly on the 8th inst. The deceased, who was a native of Yarmouth, commenced life as a wood-engraver, and contributed to some of the works of Thackeray, to the *Illustrated London News*, and indeed to most of the pictorial periodicals of the day, with which he never entirely dissolved his connection. He was best known, however, as a successful and a very conscientious painter in water colours, generally choosing for his subjects scenes of quiet country life.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE has been painted in gloomy colours by M. Legouvé in a recent lecture. The Academician stigmatises the laws regulating the position of his countrywomen as the negation of all equity, and thoroughly barbarous. Women need to be better educated, and if they are vain and capricious, it is because they know nothing. The void in the brain leads them to prize jewels, gorgeous clothes, fine society, and fashion more than honour, family affection, dignity, or health. Still, while pleading for feminine emancipation, M. Legouvé does not sympathise with the women's rights' advocates, who "would evoke a monster instead of liberating a slave."



THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION does not close until April 30th, but the rewards will be distributed next Tuesday.

TWO AND A-HALF ACRES OF LAND IN ALGERIA are offered to each subscriber by a newly published Parisian journal anxious to obtain readers.

THE HANOVER GALLERY is to be open free to-day (Saturday), between 4 and 8 P.M., to all persons employed in City and West End warehouses, banks, &c., on presentation of their employers' card.

TWO IMPORTANT POSTAL CHANGES will shortly be made. The ordinary penny postage-stamp will be rendered available as a receipt stamp, and a 5d. stamp will be issued for the benefit of those corresponding with India, China, &c.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION, in search of the *Jeannette*, will leave San Francisco about July 1st. The Government have bought the whaling steamers *Mary* and *Helen*, and will fit them out, contributing 20,000/- towards the expenses of the voyage.

A GAME OF CHESS BY TELEGRAPH between Liverpool and Calcutta has been in progress for the last four months and has now been won by the Liverpool Chess Club. The match was simply for amusement and glory, no monetary conditions being attached.

A MUSEUM FOR THE WORKS OF LIVING PAINTERS will probably be built in Paris on a site adjoining the Luxembourg. If the scheme be carried out, the first contributions will be M. Baudry's famous paintings in the Grand Opera-house, which are seriously affected by the gas.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS are to be given in succession at the Munich Court Theatre this summer, and great preparations are already being made for the mounting and general performance of the works. This will be the first time *Piediles*, *Prince of Tyre*, has been played in Germany.

A SUPPLEMENTARY EXHIBITION to the annual Academy Exhibition at Burlington House will be opened on May 16th in the Albert Hall Galleries. The works received will be those which have been sent in to the Academy Council and retained conditionally, but for which space could not ultimately be found at Burlington House.

PAINTING MENU CARDS for dinner-parties and suppers is a very profitable branch of work for women in New York, and might well be taken up by necessitous English ladies. Elaborate landscapes, figure scenes, and floral designs are painted on the satin menus, some of which are so highly ornamented as to cost over 5/- apiece.

SHAM CAVES AND GROTTOES are now being manufactured in Austria for the benefit of visitors to the various bath establishments during the coming season. Persons drinking the waters are generally glad to find some place of interest to visit in their spare moments, so at those watering-places where nature fails, art has stepped in to supply the deficiency. A Bohemian firm will make the stalactites, and several mineral springs have been put into requisition to produce petrifications of shells and bones.

THE HOT LAKE DISTRICT OF NEW ZEALAND seems in some danger of losing its primitive simplicity and becoming a faint copy of European watering-places. The Government have acquired a large tract of land at Rotorua, where they are planning a small town and laying out roads so as to render the district easy of access for tourists and invalids. It is hoped in the colony that Rotorua will become a great Sanatorium. Hitherto, by the way, the Maoris have obstinately refused to part with a single acre of this country.

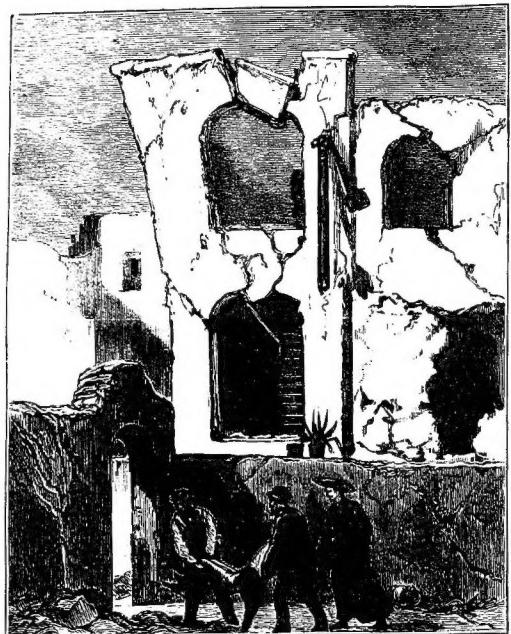
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ELECTRICITY.—At the request of the Commissaire Général, the "Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians" have undertaken to supply to and collect from intending British exhibitors applications for space at the forthcoming Exhibition. Forms of application and copies of the general rules can be obtained at the Offices of the Society, 4, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, London, by letter addressed to the Secretary of the Society, or by personal application between the hours of eleven and five.

THE PRELIMINARY WORKS OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL are proceeding most satisfactorily, and a second shaft is now being driven through Shakespeare's Cliff. Hitherto the chalk soil encountered is so firm that engineers consider that neither brick nor cement work will be needed to shore up the cutting. Some 500 ft. of the tunnel have been bored, and the chief difficulty encountered has been the quantity of water penetrating into the cutting; but now a powerful pumping engine is at work, while it is hoped that the second shaft will afford additional facilities for speed in labour.

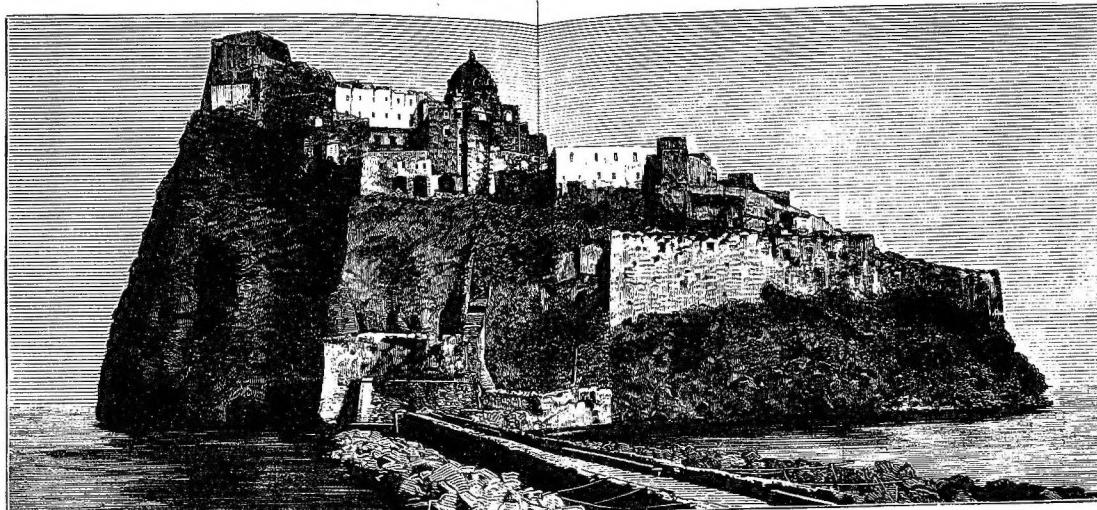
OLD NEWSPAPERS FOR OUR SAILORS.—Another appeal reaches us for old books and newspapers for the Sailors' Bethel, Gravesend, from Mr. J. T. Chapman, who writes:—"You kindly gave us a large parcel of old *Graphics* last year for our sailors. The paper is a great favourite with Jack. I have known them to steal them out of the bunks I have put them in, and put them in their own. They were determined to have them. Your appeal to the public last year brought us a lot of *Graphics* and some good books for Jack. Can you oblige us again by another appeal, and a bundle of *Graphics*?"

A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE PRESENCE OF EXPLOSIVE GAS in a lake is related by a correspondent of *Nature*. During the late frost, Loch Ken, in Kirkcudbrightshire, was completely frozen over, but here and there small spots near the banks resisted the frost, and when they did freeze, the ice was thin. The largest of these holes would have admitted an ordinary curling stone. Gas was emitted, and when the ice first formed, one person who bored a small hole and lighted the gas thus liberated, had his face severely burned. After a while the gas seemed to lose its power of combustion, and only a feeble flame appeared when a hole was first drilled.

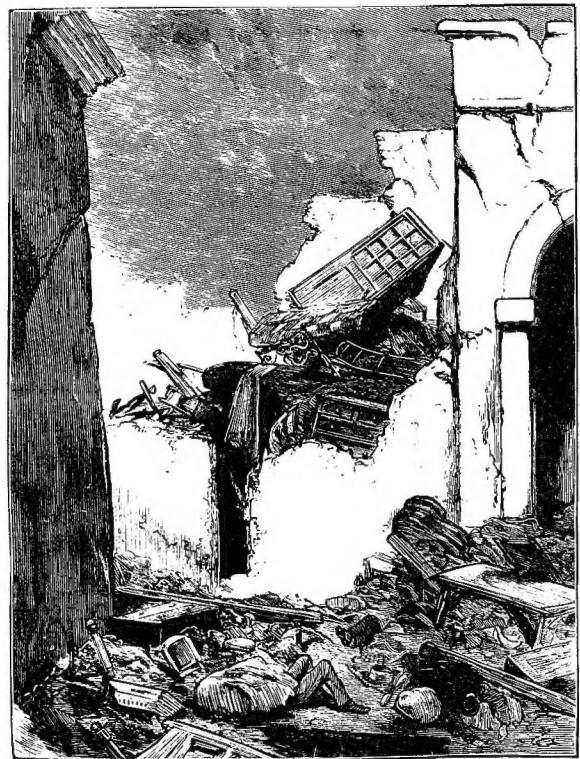
MR. LONGFELLOW'S HOME at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been the poet's head-quarters for forty-five years. It is an old-fashioned square house, more than a century old, some half-mile from Harvard College, with a broad verandah looking on the garden, while its front windows overlook the quiet Charles River. Bought by the American Government at the beginning of the Revolution the house became Washington's head-quarters after the battle of Bunker's Hill, and Mr. Longfellow's present study, the New York *Christian Union* tells us, was Washington's private room. Mr. Longfellow first lodged here as a youthful professor at Harvard, and on the owner dying bought the house, which has been kept sacred from all modernising. His study is a bright cheerful room. The table is piled with papers and pamphlets, a high desk in one corner suggests a practice of standing to write, and hints of the secrets of the poet's erect form at his advanced age. An orange tree and a stuffed stork occupy the windows; crayon portraits of Emerson, Hawthorne, Sumner, and Mr. Longfellow's daughters hang on the walls. On the table are Coleridge's inkstand, the iron pen made from one of Bonivard's fetters, and a host of other mementoes. In a corner stands the carved chair made from "the spreading chestnut tree" of the Village Blacksmith, and presented by the Cambridge school children; and in one of the book-cases which crowd the walls, and even fill up a window, are the author's own works in the original manuscript.



CASAMICCIOLA — VIEW FROM THE PIAZZA



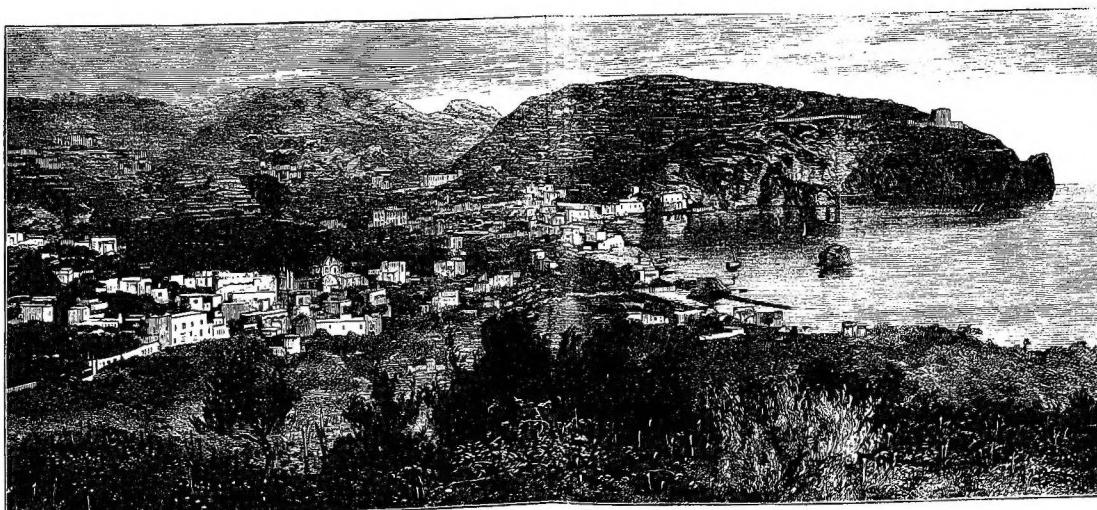
ISCHIA — THE CASTLE



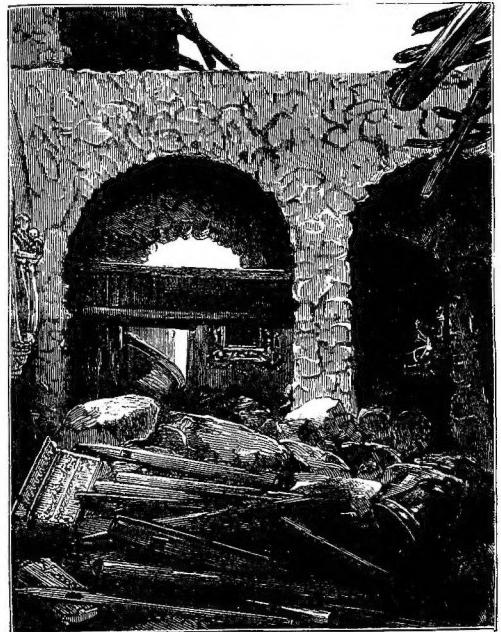
CASAMICCIOLA — STREET LEADING OUT OF THE PIAZZA



CASAMICCIOLA — ON THE WAY TO THE CAMPO SANTO



VIEW OF ISCHIA AND THE BAY



CASAMICCIOLA — THE CHURCH OF PURGATORY



CASAMICCIOLA — VIA SPEZZIARIA

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA — VIEWS OF CASAMICCIOLA AFTER THE DISASTER, AND OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ISCHIA

THE GRAPHIC



RUSSIA has been shaken to her very foundations by the outrage of Sunday last, when the sixth attempt against the life of Alexander II. proved fatally effectual. Yet there has not been the slightest disturbance of the public peace, and even the Nihilists have shown no great elation at their success, but have contented themselves with a manifesto threatening the present Czar with a similar end if he continues the previous repressive policy. They had laid their plans extensively however, for a fresh mine has been found near the Aitchkin Palace, in a street through which the late Czar generally passed on his way to the Military Parade. As the details of the Czar's assassination are given in another column, we need merely add that some eighteen persons were injured by the explosion, and two have since died, one of whom was an accomplice. Rousakoff, who threw the first bomb, has identified a corpse as the individual who launched the second shell, and the police have found the house where the bombs were obtained, the male occupant shooting himself on their entrance, but leaving a woman behind. The trial of the assassin and his accomplices has now been postponed in consequence of fresh discoveries of conspiracy. The Czar's body has been embalmed, and on Tuesday night was removed in State from the death chamber to the Palace Chapel, whence it will on Thursday be transferred to the fortress, to lie in state for some time previous to the formal obsequies in the Cathedral, where all the Czars since Peter the Great have been buried. Meanwhile those members of the Imperial Family absent abroad—the Grand Dukes Sergius and Paul being in Rome and the Grand Duke Alexis in London—have hurried to St. Petersburg, but the Princess Dolgorouka and her children left for Italy on the very evening of the assassination. Immediately on his father's death the Czarevitch held a lengthy Council of State, and on Monday was formally crowned as Alexander III., receiving the allegiance and homage of the Imperial family, the State officials, the heads of the army and the nobles. He also attended religious services in the Palace Chapel and the Cathedral. During these ceremonies he was deeply affected, and briefly acknowledged the fidelity of those present, begging them to extend that same fidelity to his heir. The troops took similar oaths of allegiance next day. St. Petersburg is, of course, in the deepest mourning. Funeral services are held in all the churches, minute guns and tolling bells sound throughout the city, and crowds fill the streets, searching for relics of the catastrophe, and watching for the new Czar and Czarina, who are greeted warmly wherever they pass. Representatives from all the Powers will attend the funeral on the 27th inst.

Now that the first shock is over the prevailing feeling in Russia is anxiety regarding the new ruler's policy. His manifesto, however, gives no clue to his intentions. It studiously avoids all promises or declarations, but simply records the circumstances of the accession, and with pious aspirations for the future, reiterates the Czar's determination to devote his life to the good of Russia, bidding his subjects swear fidelity to himself and his heir. At the same time an Imperial Ukase has been issued to the peasants, claiming their allegiance, and reminding them of the benefits of freedom conferred by the late Emperor. Hopes of a more liberal policy and of the concession of Constitutional privileges run high, and are universally expressed by the *Golos's* declaration that Russia "enters upon a new epoch, Alexander II. has completed his mission," and that it remains for Alexander III. to introduce the needed reforms. Indeed nearly the whole Press plainly advocate a Constitution. Still at first the new Czar can hardly be expected to directly reverse his predecessor's policy, and the necessary punishment of the murderers and their accomplices may only too probably arouse the smouldering Nihilist antagonism. For the present no alteration has been made either in the Ministry or amongst the Court functionaries; but it seems certain that M. Valuieff, who represents the Peace and Reform party, will be called to some high office; and that the Czar's ex-tutor, M. Pobedonossew, who is a fervent Slavophil, will take another prominent part. Most heirs to the throne seem liberally inclined before they become rulers, and it is evident that Alexander III.'s opinions have been considerably modified by the events of late years. Nevertheless, as regards foreign affairs, he must be still credited with anti-German tendencies, with a leaning towards France, and with favouring Greece, his feelings in the last case being greatly swayed by his wife, who, as sister of the King of the Hellenes, cannot but support Greek claims. Indeed, the Empress Dagmar, a thoroughly superior-minded woman, is said to have great influence over her husband, who in his turn is unusually earnest and straightforward.

In other countries the effect of the assassination has been scarcely less profound than in Russia itself. Perhaps GERMANY is more moved than her neighbours, owing not only to the affection existing between Emperor William and his late nephew, but to the general impression that with Alexander III. will come a change in the relations of the two Empires. Emperor William himself was much overcome by the news, and has commanded unwonted signs of regret in Berlin, ordering the army to wear mourning for four weeks, and personally attending the requiem service, while official festivities of all kinds have been stopped, and even the celebration of the Emperor's eighty-fourth birthday next Tuesday will be shorn of its usual ceremony. The German Parliament has formally condoled with the Emperor, who in reply pointed out that there was no safety for the life of monarchs. Great reserve on the subject is shown throughout the Press, through which runs a tone of suspicion and anxiety. In the main the journals allege that the Czar's anti-Teutonic tendencies have been exaggerated; but the Conservative *Reichsblatt* acknowledges that the whole political situation of Europe is changed; while Prince Bismarck's *North German Gazette* offers its best wishes to Alexander III. for success in ridding the Russian people "of the pestilential breath of a criminal propaganda." Very mixed feelings prevail in FRANCE; where, however, the journals can hardly conceal their hopes that Russia will now ultimately aid them against Germany. The Red journals, such as the *Intransigent* and the *Citoyen*, most indecorously applaud the assassination, and are to be duly prosecuted for their opinions; but in general the Press preserves a becoming tone, and acknowledges the debt of gratitude France owed the late Czar for the preservation of peace in 1875. Both Houses adjourned on Monday out of respect, and the chief French officials attended the Requiem Service on the same day. In AUSTRIA the Reichsrath has been unable to formally express its regret owing to the opposition of the Polish Deputies; but the Emperor is said to be deeply impressed. So is the Sultan of TURKEY, whose ever-present dread of assassination has been re-awakened. From ITALY, SPAIN, and PERSIA come similar messages of condolence; nor is the UNITED STATES behind, although an enthusiastic Socialist meeting at Chicago has glorified the murderous deed.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The armistice this week has been further prolonged until midnight last (Friday) evening, as it was found impossible to discuss the peace negotiations during the previous period, M. Kruger being kept back by bad weather, and communication with England causing further delay. The extension was decided at a meeting between General Wood and the Boer leaders on Monday, much the same conditions being attached. The British were allowed to send four days' additional provisions to those who

have not yet been assisted. Kruger arrived early on Tuesday morning at Laing's Nek, and on Wednesday, with all the chief Boer leaders, met Sir Evelyn Wood at the same point at which the extension of the armistice was agreed to. England was represented by Sir E. Wood, Colonel Baller, Major Clarke, Major Fraser, and Captain Cropper. The Conference concluded about seven, having lasted since ten o'clock in the morning. It is reported that a question in the nature of an ultimatum was submitted to the Boers, and it is stated that they agree, to a great extent, to the proposition of the British Government, reserving certain points to be considered at a meeting which was to be held on Thursday or Friday. The hopes of a peaceful solution, however, are not stronger. True, a Commission is to be appointed to examine the Boer claims, but it seems clear that the Boers will insist upon complete independence, though apparently willing to accept a British protectorate. Nothing can be more outspoken on the subject of perfect freedom than M. Joubert's declaration, as narrated by the correspondent of a contemporary, the Boer commander complaining bitterly of English treatment, and declaring that even when he came to England he could not induce the newspapers to report the case frankly. If defeated, he asserted that the Boers would retreat to the interior, holding out to the last. He greatly regretted Sir G. Colley's death, and stated that the fatal shot was unintentional. Throughout both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State the Boers maintain a very high and mighty tone, and a force of 1,000 men is said to have left the Free State for Laing's Nek, while fears prevail that another force may enter Natal by Landman's Drift, and cut off General Wood in the rear. Should, however, hostilities again break out, our forces will be much inconvenienced by the heavy rains, which have delayed the reinforcements. Sir F. Roberts reached Madeira on the 10th inst. The Boer Government have now repudiated the murder of Captain Elliott at Bronker's Spruit, and declare that it occurred through a misunderstanding, promising that the affair shall be duly investigated. M. Joubert's report of the Majuba Mountain attack positively declares that only one of his men was killed, and one severely, and four slightly wounded—a statement which must certainly be taken *cum grano*.

AFFAIRS IN EASTERN EUROPE.—The constant meetings held this week appear to have had some little result. Gradually the aspect of the negotiations is changing from pacific to threatening, and the Ambassadors have forcibly represented to the Porte that the question must be promptly decided. It can hardly be doubted that the altered state of affairs in Russia will greatly influence the Turkish Government, which dreads the new Czar's sympathy with Greece. Thus it is reported that the Porte has hinted at a certain line of boundary, and is willing to give up Crete, at the same time reducing the offer of territory in Thessaly. In their turn the Ambassadors seem disposed to be satisfied with the line suggested in the Turkish Note of October 3, with the additional cessions of Crete and Fort Punta, and the dismantling of the fortifications of Prevesa. The Porte first tried to induce the ambassadors to state the minimum of concessions required, but on their refusal offered to draw up a map illustrating the Turkish propositions. This was agreed to, and the Porte took the opportunity for fresh delay on the plea of the map not being ready.

FRANCE is remarkably dull just now. The all-important subject of *scrutin de liste* is being discussed in every possible phase, and a new impetus has been given to the controversy by M. Gambetta's visit to the Elysée ball, when President Grévy's attentions to his rival were so marked as to be construed into a tacit denial of all differences of opinion. Still the position remains the same, both Presidents holding their own diverging opinions, and on the coming contest upon this question is fixed the whole attention of Frenchmen. Of course the Cabinet is bound to follow President Grévy's lead, and M. Jules Ferry has told a Foreign Ambassador that though he personally does not hold particularly to any mode of election, the Ministry feel it a point of honour to announce their unanimity with the President. Some faint interest has been felt in the quarrel between the Comte de Mun, a zealous Legitimist, and the Bishop of Vannes, which evidently foreshadows a split between Royalty and the Church, when probably the Clericals will go over to the Republican side.

PARIS is seriously alarmed at the inefficiency of her protective arrangements against fire. The brigade is highly trained in military duties, but the fire engines are miserably inadequate.—There is no gossip save the sale of Mr. Wilson's splendid picture collection; and only two theatrical novelties, a comedy at the Nouveautés, *Le Parisien*, by MM. Ferrier, Vast, and Ricouard, and a sensational drama at the Château d'Eau, *Esclave du Devour*, by M. Valnay.

GERMANY.—Berlin is suffering from another mild Socialist alarm, and the police have expelled a number of suspected persons. The Socialist element in Germany seems to be as strong as ever, according to a report recently presented to Parliament, which further states that Nihilistic papers have been distributed both among the people and the troops.—An enormous anti-Jewish meeting has been held, at which a declaration of loyalty to the Emperor was enthusiastically voted.—English jealousy of Germany's attempts to extend her colonial possessions is much commented on by the *Cologne Gazette*, which adds that to this may be traced much of the Teutonic dislike to the present British policy.

INDIA.—The Afghan Envoy has gone home, and it appears that his chief object was to obtain small-arm ammunition. Abdurrahman Khan seems to be pacifying many of the rebellious tribes, and planning the seizure of Kushk, where Ayoub Khan's General has been murdered, and the inhabitants are inclined to welcome the Ameer's rule. The British troops have been delayed in the Khyber by the rain, but were to leave yesterday, and the same cause has kept the sick convoy at Candahar.—In India proper all fear of disturbance in the Sonthal district is over.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the Pope has issued an Encyclical announcing a jubilee from to-day until November 1, and bitterly complaining of the present attacks of the State upon the Church, of the impotence of his position, and of the interference with religious education. Fifteen slight earthquakes were felt on Saturday at Foligno and Perugia, and on the previous day Rome experienced a gentle oscillation, while unfortunate Casamicciola has suffered another severe shock.—SWITZERLAND is similarly affected; while AUSTRIA is threatened with serious inundations.—In the UNITED STATES the British Consul at Philadelphia has published the authority for the startling report of the late Consul respecting hog cholera, fully justifying his colleague's assertions; and the Irish Land Leaguers are holding noisy meetings all over the country; Mr. Parnell's mother being the latest attraction.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,590 deaths were registered against 1,633 during the previous seven days, being 168 below the average, at the rate of 22·4 per 1,000, and showing a decline of 43. These deaths included 58 from small-pox (an increase of 6, and being 14 above the average), and the number of patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals further rose to 792. There were 26 deaths from measles, 20 from scarlet fever (a decline of 7, and 14 below the average), 9 from diphtheria, 27 from whooping-cough (15 below the average), 17 from enteric fever (exceeding the average by 2), and 8 from diarrhoea (5 below the average). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 384, and were 70 below the average, 242 were attributed to bronchitis, and 91 to pneumonia. Deaths from violence caused 58 deaths. There were 2,831 births registered against 2,620 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 106. The mean temperature was 49·4 deg., and 8·7 above the average. The average of bright sunshine during the week was 16·4 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 79·6 hours.



THE death of the Emperor of Russia has cast considerable gloom over Court circles. The Queen's Drawing Room, which was to take place yesterday (Friday), and the Levee to be held by the Prince of Wales on Monday, have both been postponed, while the Court—already wearing mourning for the Queen Dowager of Denmark—has now gone into mourning for the Czar for the next month. Her Majesty received the news from the Duke of Edinburgh, and immediately telegraphed her inquiries and condolences, also putting off her intended visit to London this week. On Sunday, last the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. F. M. Stopford preached. The Prince of Wales lunched with Her Majesty on Tuesday, when the children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived to stay with the Queen during their parents' absence. On Wednesday the Duke of Cambridge lunched at the Castle.

The Prince of Wales remained in Paris until Sunday, and during the last few days of his stay exchanged visits with M. Grévy, lunched at the British Embassy, and supped with the Comtesse de Pourtales. Arriving in London on Sunday afternoon, he at once accompanied the Princess on a visit of condolence to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Prince and Princess also going to Charing Cross to see them off to St. Petersburg. On Monday morning the Prince and Princess attended the Requiem Service for the Czar at the Russian Chapel. Next afternoon, the Prince went to the House of Lords to be present at the moving of an Address of Condolence to the Queen and the Duchess of Edinburgh on the Czar's death.—The Prince and Princess will visit Norwich on Easter Monday to open the National Fisheries Exhibition.

The Duchess of Edinburgh was so affected by the news of her father's assassination that medical aid was called in. On recovering from the shock the Duchess and her husband decided to go to St. Petersburg with the Grand Duke Alexis, who was then staying with them, and the Royal party left London only three hours after the receipt of the news. Besides the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Russian Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and many others paid visits of condolence to Clarence House during the afternoon. The Duke and Duchess with the Grand Duke Alexis crossed to Calais, and thence travelled straight on *via* Berlin, where they stopped only for a few moments to receive the Crown Prince and Princess Christian, and reached St. Petersburg on Wednesday.

The Duchess of Connaught has been subpoenaed to give evidence in a forthcoming libel case.—Prince Leopold will open the New Nottingham University buildings on June 30.—Yesterday (Friday) was the Princess Louise's thirty-third birthday.—The Princess Frederica of Hanover and her baby are going on so well that no further bulletins of their health will be issued.—The Empress of Austria continues to hunt daily, and has had some capital runs.—The Crown Prince of Sweden and Princess Victoria of Baden were betrothed on Saturday at Carlsruhe, receiving the congratulations of the Court and the town officials after the ceremony. They will probably be married on September 20th, when the bride's parents celebrate their Silver Wedding. It appears that Prince Oscar first met the Princess Victoria when attending the German army manoeuvres near Strassburg in the autumn of 1879. Meanwhile the King of Sweden is ill with inflammation of the lungs.—Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, eldest sister of the Duchess and Princess Christian, is seriously ill.



M. JULES VERNE's stories, marvellous and interesting as they are, do not furnish the dramatic adaptor with any strong degree of human interest; but they give abundant employment to the scenic artist and the stage carpenter, and hence are the very best of stories for converting into spectacular dramas. One of the best of these, from this point of view—better even than his *Round the World in Eighty Days*—is the *Courier of the Czar*, which, under the title of *Michael Strogoff*, has been dramatised by that skilful and experienced playwright, M. d'Ennery, and brought out in the Chatelet Theatre in Paris with brilliant success. This is the play which Mr. Byron has taken in hand on behalf of the ADELPHI management, who have spent—and, we are bound to add, judiciously spent—a small fortune in putting it on the stage with a pretty close reproduction of the scenic beauties, splendours, and excitements that have turned the brain of Parisian playgoers. *Michael Strogoff* is a perpetual succession of striking tableaux and alarming incidents, but the spectator is not merely thrilled and startled, nor does he, like Virgil's hero, feed his eye with an empty picture. The theme is the superhuman efforts of the heroic courier to carry a despatch of vital importance for three thousand miles over steppes and mountains, through forests and across rivers, till he arrives in the far east of Siberia. The country is supposed to be in revolt; the Tartars are in possession of much of the territory under the leadership of a wily and daring traitor named Ogareff, who has caused the telegraph wires to be cut, and has requisitioned horses and vehicles. Hence the necessity for the personal valour, daring, perseverance, fertility of resource, patriotic feeling, and unswerving devotion to principle which alone can carry the courier through his enterprise. That he succeeds in the end, after many struggles and trials, hand-to-hand combats with the wily Tartar leader himself, and hair-breadths' escapes of the most exciting kind need not be told. But where, it may be asked, can be found the vein of sentiment—where, in brief, the love story which is so essential in a romantic play? Simple enough, we answer. On the road Michael meets a distressed damsel of comely aspect named Nadia, who claims his aid and protection. Of course, if she had not happened to be going his way Michael could never have cultivated her acquaintance, much less fallen in love with her; for, as the reader knows, his business will not allow of sporting with

"Amaryllis in the shade," or "with the tangles of Neera's hair." But luckily the beautiful Nadia does happen to be going his way; for she is bound to get back to her friends in Siberia. Even as it is, the love-making appears to be in rather brief fits and snatches, the lady seeming, no doubt in consideration of her companion's pressing duties, to take upon herself more than a usual share of the business. But when Michael is captured by the Tartars and blinded by a red-hot sword, she supports his tottering figure in the wilderness, protects him from many dangers, and, finally, enjoys the happiness of discovering that his tormentors had failed in their cruel purpose, and that her lover's eyesight is not irretrievably injured. Need we say that after he has accomplished his purpose, and snatches, the lady seeming, no doubt in consideration of her companion's pressing duties, to take upon herself more than a usual share of the business. 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To tell more of the sufferings and trials of the Courier of the Czar would carry us too far. The play is furnished with many amusing scenes between an English and a French correspondent, who are supposed to be travelling in the same region in quest of news; and much entertainment is furnished by the efforts of the Englishman—represented by Mr. Byron himself—to outwit his French colleague, and above all by the quaint and witty sayings which the adaptor has put into the mouth of this personage. The Adelphi company is strong—indeed, stronger than need be for the performance of a piece of this kind; but Mr. Beverley's scenes are after all the great feature. Still, Mr. Warner as Michael acts with great spirit; Miss Gerard as Nadia is very pretty and pleasing; Mrs. Bernard Beere as a gipsy woman is grandly haughty and impressively mysterious; and Mr. Fernandez very picturesquely atrocious in the part of the Tartar leader. The character of the mother of Strogoff, played by Mrs. Hermann Vezin, affords no great opportunity for the talents of that admirable actress. The finest of the numerous imposing scenes of the play is that of the battle-field of Kolyvan, in which the painted objects in the background and on the sides of the stage are very cleverly made to harmonise with the real figures and other objects of the foreground, till the whole presents a vast extent covered with wounded and dying, with broken gun-carriages and wagons, with dead horses, and other dismal relics of the strife.

Mrs. Kendal's reappearance at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre on Saturday evening for the first time since her late severe accident, sufficed at once to restore the wonted cheerfulness of that admirably-managed house. Nothing could well have exceeded the enthusiasm with which this popular actress was welcomed on the occasion. She resumed her part of the heroine of Mr. Pinero's play, *The Money Spinner*, in association as before with Mr. Hare, Mr. Kendal, and the other performers of the original cast of this clever comedy.—At DRYDEN LANE the pantomime season has been brought to a close. In its stead the management have revised the popular romantic drama, entitled *The World*.—Genée's comic opera, *The Naval Cadets*, has been revived at the GLOBE Theatre.



CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Schubert symphony on Saturday was the No. 6 (C Major), which had been heard once previously at these concerts—in the winter of 1868. It was enjoyed then, but far better appreciated on the present occasion, thanks to a performance not less careful in detail than satisfactory in ensemble. The sixth symphony equals in attraction any of its precursors; and though the influence of Haydn and Mozart—to whom now must fairly be added Beethoven (see Beethoven's "No. 1," in the same key)—is still to a great extent apparent, it shows a marked advance in breadth of development, if not in the symmetry of design which Schubert's early orchestral efforts go to prove was the result of his familiar acquaintance with the master-works of those composers. Another interesting feature of the programme was the technically neat, even brilliant, execution of Beethoven's fourth piano-forte concerto by Herr Barth, from Berlin, who also played solos by Scarlatti, Chopin, and Henselt. The "novelty" was a "symphonic poem," *Eleonora*, by Uberto Bandini, who, on the strength of this very piece, was awarded the first prize at Turin in July, 1880. There were eighty-seven competitors, and if this is really the best of the eighty-seven contributions, all we can say is that we have no great curiosity to know anything about the remaining eighty-six. The famous legendary poem of Bürger has on several occasions inspired musicians with a desire to reflect it in their art; but surely a *Lorelei* like this was never heard till now. It is simply Liszt in convulsions. Happily Signor Bandini is young—barely twenty-one years of age; but that he has been too early incited to emulate the "symphonic poem," so-called—in most of its forms a sort of excrescence of our immediate period—is unquestionable. Vocal music by Mr. Frank Boyle and Madame Patey, with the Sylph Dance and Hungarian March from the *Faust* of Berlioz, made up the programme.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—St. James's Hall was crowded on Saturday, although nothing new appeared in the programme—otherwise excellent, seeing that Herr Joachim led Mozart's D minor quartet (No. 2 of the Haydn set), Madame Schumann played her late husband's *Faschingschrank* (or "Fantasiebilder"), Signor Piatti gave the favourite sonata in D by Locatelli, which he has himself so ingeniously arranged for violoncello and piano-forte (Mr. Zerbini), Herr Joachim introduced some more of the Brahms "Hungarian Dances," and airs by Handel and Beethoven were sung by Mr. Frederick King (who is rapidly making way). The glowingly imaginative string quintet of Schubert was given on Monday, one of the most remarkable of his posthumous works. As a model specimen of Schubert at his very best, this quintet may be reasonably cited. Each of the four movements has a special individuality; the *adagio* is a masterpiece of expression and melody, and the trio, almost as sombre as a funeral march, which alternates with the lively trio, is something that no other but Schubert, Beethoven alone excepted, could have imagined. The performance, led by Herr Joachim, with the rock-like support of Signor Piatti, as bass, Signor Pezze as second violoncello, Herr Ries and Mr. Zerbini, as second violin and violoncello, was wholly irreproachable. Madame Schumann appeared only once, but that once sufficed to prove that in the interpretation of Beethoven's latest works she still holds supremacy. The sonata she chose was the one in A (Op. 101), earliest of the famous series that for so long a time perplexed the brains and tried the fingers of ninety-nine pianists out of a hundred, but which are now happily as familiar as their forerunners. The singer was Miss Santley, who again, in Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," and a song by Mr. Arthur Thomas, of the Royal Academy of Music, won sympathy by the sweet tones of her as yet immatured voice, and her pure, while unobtrusive, method of using it. The programme also comprised the *adagio* from Spohr's sixth violin concerto (Herr Joachim), and the merriest of Haydn's quartets in C major.

M. LAMOUREUX.—The first of two "Orchestral Concerts," announced some time ago by this adventurous French musician, late conductor at the Grand Opera, and chief promoter of Handel's works in Paris, was a thoroughly legitimate success. M. Lamoureux, an experienced conductor, had engaged an orchestra of over a hundred practised executants, fully capable of rendering a good account of any "novelties" that might be set before them. The programme was almost exclusively made up of music by French composers, including among other things some familiar excerpts from the pen of the now so much extolled Berlioz, a highly effective performance of whose overture, *Le Carnaval Romain*, convinced the audience that they had come to listen to an entertainment of no common order. This, in fact, was exemplified throughout the evening in various compositions by Gouvy, Lalo, Godard, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and Reyer. Incomparably the best among them was the symphony in F by Théodore Gouvy, second of five works of the kind. The *Symphonie Espagnole* of M. Ed. Lalo, though by no means without intrinsic merit, owed its success chiefly to the admirable performance of the violin *obbligato* part by M. Sainton. The vocalists were Madame Brunet-Lafleur, who comes from France with a high reputation (her claim to which was fully established by her rendering of an air from Glück's *Akeste*), and our own contralto,

Madame Patey. Besides taking the vocal part of "Aurore," a composition for contralto voice with orchestral accompaniments by M. Godard, Madame Patey joined her French comrade, Madame Lafleur in the nocturne, "Nuit paisible et sereine," the most popular number in the opera, *Beatrice et Benedict*, originally produced by Berlioz, at Baden-Baden, at the suggestion of Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia. This was given by both ladies to perfection. In fact, the concert was a success in every respect merited. M. Lamoureux announces a second concert for Tuesday next, in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary.

WAIFS.—The concert at the Royal Academy of Music, on Monday evening, in aid of the Henry Smart Memorial Fund, was completely successful. The programme was devoted exclusively to works, vocal and instrumental, by the late distinguished English musician.—Sir Herbert Oakeley, Musical Professor at the University of Edinburgh, has had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the Senatus Academicus of the University of Aberdeen.—*Lohengrin* is to be heard this day, for the first time in France, the Vicomtesse Vigier, remembered by many amateurs both in London and Paris, as Sophie Cravelli (*Fidelio* of Fidelio), in co-operation with the "Cercle de la Méditerranée" having organised a performance of Wagner's finest lyric drama, the proceeds of which are to be for the benefit of the poor at Nice. Madame Vigier herself (destined by Meyerbeer to be the Selika in his *Africaine*) is to play the part of Elsa.—The first performance of Gounod's new opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, which was promised for the 30th of this month, will again be postponed for a short time.



IN the matter of literary tact, Mr. Henry James, Junior, has few equals. He is not, indeed, the first to find out the existence of an exceedingly and increasingly large number of people who are anxious to be thought peculiar and superior in their literary and artistic likings, and capable of seeing more in a molehill than commonplace readers can discover in a mountain. But he is perhaps the very first who, either by direct skill, or through a happy accident of sympathy, has been able to give persons of this class precisely what they require. "Washington Square" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) is an excellent example of the style of workmanship which can hardly fail to make the reader think himself a very clever fellow, and therefore to feel the most cordial gratitude towards Mr. Henry James, Junior. We seem to see the margin scored with "This is Wit," "This is Humour," "This is Pathos," "This is profound knowledge of Human Nature." Indeed, the air with which platitudes are given out is so magnificent in its way as almost to compel the reader to believe that, when the written lines themselves are so pretentiously barren, there must, somehow, be a great deal written between them. And of course nobody likes to admit that he is so dull as to be blind to unwritten profundities. To a commonplace person, Mr. Henry James, Junior, appears to be an industrious follower in the wake of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and to have caught, to a respectable extent, a preference for common things, while he has missed his master's art of making them interesting. "Washington Square," for instance, is a fairly good sketch for what might very likely be made into a fairly good domestic tale. But then it is written, like its forerunners from the same hand, with such supreme faith in the artistic value of unfinished work as to make it seem dull and ungracious even to suspect that its incompleteness can possibly be due to want of power rather than to want of will. Hardly less ungracious must it seem to hint that anything but consummately artistic reticence compels Mr. Henry James, Junior, to leave his readers to translate his seemingly trite remarks into profound suggestions or brilliant epigrams. We should not have stumbled even in the direction of such a hint if one completely developed story, one adequate or fairly intelligible study of the simplest form of character, had ever come from the pen of Mr. Henry James, Junior. He would then have the right, having once proved his power, to adopt any literary theories he pleased. But meanwhile to have achieved a wide reputation for doing what he abstains from doing, and because he abstains from doing it, does seem, in spite of its being so perfectly intelligible and common a phenomenon in art and literature, not a little absurd. Nevertheless the tact is admirable which, while satisfying the natural appetite of the general reader for the common-place, persuades him into thinking that he is enjoying, and understanding, something very profound—that he is, in short, getting Balzac made easy. It will, no doubt, be considered the proper and superior thing, among a very wide circle of readers, to find a great deal of original wit and depth between the lines and down the margin of "Washington Square."

"Queenie's Whim," by Rosa Nouchette Carey (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), may be best, as well as most easily, described as a "sweetly pretty" story. It is certain to receive precisely this criticism from a large number of competent voices. It is really a very innocent and good little tale, and contains one character, Dora Cunningham, whose portrait was worth sketching. The only serious fault for which we have to take the authoress to task is her inexhaustible passion for killing children. We soon come to recognise, in the mere appearance of a new child on her stage, that it is foredoomed to die; and too many harrowing death-beds, without the faintest reason for one of them, lose, after a certain point, whatever pathos is conventionally held due to one or two. It is not to be accounted a fault, under all the circumstances, that the novel contains too much talk, and reports in over-minute detail how everybody looks and what everybody wears. For these little matters, though faults in themselves, are the very things for which so many people thoroughly enjoy stories like "Queenie's Whim." Such novels are like good long gossips about one's acquaintances among a set of good-natured and innocent-minded, if not very intellectual people, who find it refreshing to cry over the sorrows of their neighbours, and infinitely comforting to know for certain what their neighbours wore.

"Unto the Third and Fourth Generation," by Mrs. Augustus Bright (1 vol.: Samuel Tinsley and Co.), is a story about what came of changing two babies—no doubt a strikingly original topic compared with many that come before us, but still scarcely sufficiently novel to bear repetition, unless it be made the root of some very new plot indeed. This does not quite turn out to be the case; for somnambulism, as a means of cutting the awkward knots of fiction, has long ceased to be surprising, or even remarkable. A dash of lunacy in the first generation may be taken, perhaps, to have some hidden connection with the baby-changing and sleep-walking that followed, but in what way the sin of non-hereditary lunacy can be held to be punished in third and fourth generations by means of a happy marriage in the second, is hard to perceive. Possibly it came out in the tendency of those concerned to talk novelists' French instead of ordinary English. Do any English people say, "We are accustomed to go home sans escorte"? There are foreign characters in the novel, but their presence need hardly have made Mrs. Bright forget that we have a word in English which renders it needless to speak of the *entrée* of a person into a room. Ergo, moreover, though perfectly sound Latin, is not a whit more pointed or expressive than "therefore." These trifles must be mentioned because they are obtrusive, and because Mrs. Bright seems to think that English equivalents of foreign words are few. In any case, the trick of acting as if she thought so is excessively irritating, especially when not counterbalanced by merits of a more important order.



ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS.—The Archbishop of York, writing to the Sheffield branch of the English Church Union concerning a series of resolutions adopted at their annual meeting last week, advises them to get placed before the Royal Commission which is to be appointed their views of what the ancient position of the Convocations is with regard to ecclesiastical legislation. If they suppose that it ever had such powers, they must have come across a different view of history from that with which he is familiar. To abolish the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of existing Courts would be to do away with the supremacy of the Crown, and would amount to disestablishing the Church; while as to the proposal that Convocation should be made a Court of Appeal for ecclesiastical causes, he knows that it has never had such power, and thinks that it would not wield it well, even should the Church and nation ever seriously take steps for such an end, which he does not at all expect. One good effect of the proposed Commission will be to distinguish between the possible and the impossible; but he does not think that the Church Union has helped so much as it might upon that important point.

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION held its sixteenth annual meeting on Friday last at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. C. H. Lowell, Deputy Chairman of the Council. The report claimed sympathy and support from all true Churchmen for the objects of the Association, which were the defence of the Protestant principles and order of the National Church, and stated that twenty new branches had been established during the year. The legal proceedings had been attended with signal success, and the country at large had almost unanimously rejected the claims of contumacious clergymen to be accounted martyrs for conscience sake. The Council had prepared a Bill for taking from the Bishop his power of veto in certain cases, and to enable the Judge of the Arches Court to pass a sentence of deprivation for disobedience to its orders. There would be no difficulty in the Lord Chancellor introducing a Bill to substitute three months for three years as the term after which deprivation should follow disobedience, and if this were done the Association would be very nearly satisfied, but so long as the law remained unaltered they would put it in operation. Captain Palmer referred to the "inexact statements" recently made in the House of Lords by the Bishop of Peterborough, and remarked that doubtless his lordship was very angry because the Association had obtained sixty decisions, which fettered his discretion or indiscretion in dealing with his clergy. He would only say to his lordship, "Till thou canst rail the seal off these judgments, thou but offend'st thy lungs to rail so loud." Resolutions were passed condemning the efforts now being made to secure toleration for the use of vestments and practices adopted in the Church of Rome, and also any proposal to limit the right of parishioners to resist illegalities on the part of the clergy by reference to the wishes of those who might become habitual communicants in the parish church.

A DAY OF HUMILIATION.—The Bishop of Lincoln has issued an address suggesting to the clergy of his diocese that they shall set apart a day in the last week in the present month for a service of humiliation in their churches, in view of the severe affliction which many are now suffering, from a succession of unfavourable seasons, and from consequent agricultural depression and distress, as well as other calamities, public and private, with which it has pleased God to visit us. His lordship adds that "It would be well that we should all be united, as a nation, in a general act of public humiliation."

PRAYER FOR THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The Primate has sanctioned a special form of prayer for use in the Diocese of Canterbury, petitioning Almighty God to "keep our soldiers who have now gone forth to war, that they, being armed with Thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils, to glorify Thee, who art the Giver of all victory."

"FATHER IGNATIUS," who is now carrying on an eight days' mission at Bournemouth, addressing a large congregation at the opening service on Sunday, said that he was not a Protestant, and never should be one, but he was a Christian, and looked upon all Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, as equally his brothers.



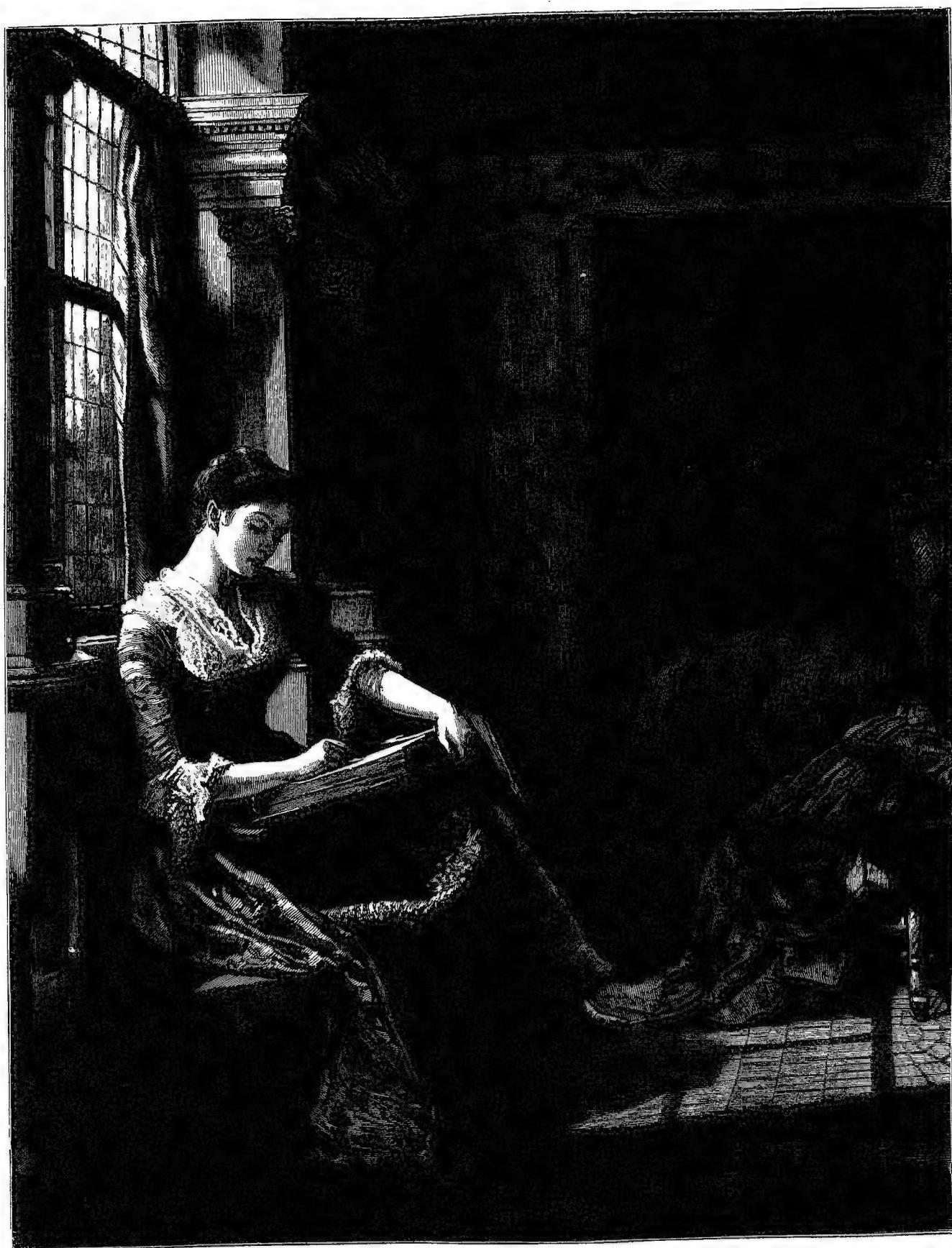
THE NEW JUDGE.—Mr. Lewis William Cave, Q.C., has been appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in the room of the late Sir H. Jackson. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, called to the Bar in 1859, took silk in 1875, has been Recorder of Lincoln for some years, and is a Bencher of the Inner Temple. On Tuesday he took the oaths, and presided for the first time in the Queen's Bench Division.

THE TICHBORNE APPEAL has now been finally disposed of by the House of Lords; the Lord Chancellor and Lords Blackburn and Watson being unanimous in setting aside the ingenious arguments raised on the Claimant's behalf by Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., and Mr. Atherley Jones, and delivering judgment without even calling upon the Crown counsel to reply. The judgment of the Court of Appeal is therefore confirmed, and the appellant will have to complete the two successive terms of seven years' penal servitude, unless he should be fortunate enough to obtain a ticket-of-leave. It seems, however, that the Claimant's friends have not yet played their last card, for Mr. Kimber (his solicitor) announces in *The Times* that fresh evidence of his identity and that he is the victim of a widespread conspiracy, has been accumulating, and will shortly be laid before the House of Commons and the country—evidence which could not be laid before the House of Lords, because such an appeal is only allowable on points of law.

AN EXPENSIVE MISTAKE.—About two years ago the authorities of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, invited artists to send in designs for a stained glass window, with which they intended to adorn their chapel. Amongst the competitors was a Mr. Dixon, who subsequently received notice that he had failed, and with it a parcel containing another gentleman's design, while, on visiting Cambridge, his own was shown him as the successful one. The explanation is that the drawings were accidentally exchanged, and an action for compensation in the Common Pleas Division has now resulted in a verdict by consent for £25.

"NECESSARIES."—Messrs. Toovey, the booksellers of Piccadilly, have failed in their action against Mr. Farquharson, a "young gentleman of a good county family, whose grandfather kept a pack of hounds," to recover money for certain books supplied to him on credit, while he was a minor at college. The works were "Boxiana," "Annals of Sporting," and "Life in London," and the jury held that they were not "necessaries," a decision in which Mr. Justice Hawkins expressed his concurrence, although during the hearing of the case he had facetiously declared that, "for aught he knew, they might be theological works."

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DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

I opened the Bible at random, kept my finger on a verse, and took the book to the casement.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CÉLIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER VII.

HOW KITTY BROKE HER PROMISE

No one must think that I was sorry, or even embarrassed, when I heard that Harry Temple had joined the company at Epsom, and though the name of coquette was given me by him, and that of jilt, with such other abusive terms as the English tongue provides, by Will Levett, later on, I beg that every one will believe me when I declare that I had no knowledge at all of being betrothed, or under any kind of promise, to either of these two young men. Yet, as will have been perceived by any who have read the second chapter of this narrative, both of them had just grounds for believing me to be their promised wife. In fact, I was at the time so silly and ignorant that I did not understand what they meant; nor had I, being so much tossed about, and seeing so many changes, ever thought upon their words at all, since. And whereas there was no day in which the thought of my dear and fond Nancy did not come into my mind, there never was a day at all in which my memory dwelt upon either Will or Harry, save as companions of Nancy. And although grievous things followed upon this neglect of mine, I cannot possibly charge myself with any blame in the matter. As for Will, indeed, his conduct was such as to relieve me of any necessity for repentance; while Harry, even if he did play the fool for a while, speedily recovered his senses, and found consolation in the arms of another. Lastly, men ought not to go frantic for any woman; they should reflect that there are good wives in plenty to be had for the asking; women

virtuously reared, who account it an honour (as they should) to receive the offer of an honest man's faithful service; that no woman is so good as to have no equal among her contemporaries; while as for beauty, that is mostly matter of opinion. I am sure I cannot understand why they made me Queen of the Wells, when Nancy Levett was passed over; and I have since seen many a plain girl honoured as a beauty, while the most lovely faces were neglected.

The first, then, of my two lovers—or promised husbands—who arrived at Epsom was Harry Temple.

We were walking on the New Parade in the afternoon, making a grand display; I in my new purple velvet with purple ribbons, a purple mantle, and purple trimmings to my hat, very grand indeed. Mr. Walsingham was talking like a lover in a novel—I mean of the old-fashioned and romantic school of novel, now gone out. The art of saying fine things, now too much neglected by the young, was then studied by old and young.

"Ladies," he was saying, "should never be seen save in the splendour of full dress; they should not eat in public, unless it be chocolate and Turkish sweets; nor drink, unless it be a dish of tea: they should not laugh, lest they derange the position of the patch or the nice adjustment of the coiffure: they may smile, however, upon their lovers: all their movements should be trim and evenly balanced, according to rules of grace: in fact, just as a woman was the last and most finished work in Nature, so a lady dressed, taught, and cultivated, should be the last and most finished work in Art. The power of beauty—Miss Pleydell will approve this—should be assisted by the insinuation of polite address: rank should be enhanced by

the assumption of a becoming dignity: dishabille should hide at home: nor should she show herself abroad until she has heightened and set off her charms, by silk and satin, ribbons and lace, paint, powder, and patches."

"I suppose, sir," said Nancy, pointing to an absurd creature whose follies were the diversion of the whole company, "the dress of the lady over there in the short sack would please you. Her body a state-bed running upon castors, and her head-dress made up of trimmings taken from the tester. She is, sir, I take it, a finished work of Art."

Then she screamed: "Oh, Kitty! here is Harry Temple." And then she blushed, so that Mr. Walsingham looked at both of us with a meaning smile. He came sauntering along the walk, looking about him carelessly, for as yet he knew nothing of the company. His manner was improved since last I saw him, a year and more ago: that was doubtless due to a visit to the Continent. He was a handsome fellow certainly, though not so tall or so handsome as Lord Chudleigh: his features were smaller and his hair less distinguished; but still a pretty fellow. I thought of Nancy's secret, and laughed to myself, as yet never suspecting what he would say. The great difference at first sight between Harry Temple and Lord Chudleigh was that the former looked as if he was ready to take the place which the world would assign to him, while the latter would step to the front and stand there as in his proper place. It is a grand thing to be a leader of men.

Suddenly he saw us, and stood still with such a look of bewilderment and astonishment as I never saw.

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THE LIFE OF

ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.



BORN APRIL 29, 1818

THE LATE ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS
ASCENDED THE THRONE MARCH 2, 1855

ASSASSINATED MARCH 13, 1881



OPENING OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR—RETURN OF THE CZAR TO ST. PETERSBURG FROM KISCHINEFF, 1877

The Life of Alexander III., Czar of All the Russias.

THE monstrous crime which this week has thrilled the world with horror almost too deep for words could hardly in the long line of Russian autocrats have picked out one more undeserving such a fate, or for whom, in the bright promise of his earlier reign, so terrible a close would have seemed more utterly impossible. That the ruler who, but twenty years ago this very month, emancipated from serfdom more than forty million souls—if, with Mr. Gladstone, we include the State peasants in our estimate—who wiped away the stain of a great national defeat, and extended widely both to East and South the former boundaries of Holy Russia, should perish thus by Russian hands after six previous attempts upon his life had failed, might seem at first sight little short of marvellous. That it should be so is the most convincing proof of the deep inverteracy of that social cancer which is eating into the very core of Russian life, which refuses to be salved by any balm of successful war or national adventure, and lends its bitterness to the artistic creations of Tourgueniev as to the rude fly-sheets of the secret revolutionary Press. The persistent discontent of the educated classes, the savage hatred of the existing order of things, which is perpetually kept alive by the corruption of the official world and the irritating activity of the secret police, is only, perhaps, the more desperate because thus far it has failed to stir the lower strata of the Russian people. The reign which at its outset bade fair to satisfy the long-repressed aspirations of moderate reformers, and which, after efforts at reform had given place to immobility, or even to reaction, continued still to gratify the ambition of the nation, had been darkened ever since Karakosoff's attempt in '66 with the increasing shadow of a perpetual fear. And now the twenty-sixth anniversary of its commencement has been willed by Destiny to be also the last; and the well-meaning son of the "iron" Nicholas has reaped the harvest of which his father had sown the seed, and to which the new materialist philosophy—the most congenial creed of Russia's limited army of thinkers—has imparted a fresh ingredient of danger in the scornful disregard which it engenders for all that older generations feared and revered.

EARLY YEARS OF ALEXANDER NICOLAIEVICH

BORN April the 29th, 1818, of the Grand Duke Nicholas and Alexandra Federovna, sister of Frederic William of Prussia, the young Alexander was only in his eighth year when the famous conspiracy of the "Dekabristi"—Russia's first inarticulate cry for a "Constitution"—broke out against his father on his accession to the throne, and rooted in him for good or evil that invincible horror of reform which made his reign one continuous repression of every liberty of thought or speech. General Moerder—a German and a Protestant—was his tutor, and the "Old-Russian" poet, Jonkowski, inspired him with a taste for literature and romance. But his iron sire willed him above all things to be a soldier. At seventeen he was his father's Aide-de-Camp and Commandant of the Lancers of the Guard. Mind and body, however, both grew weary of perpetual parade and drill, and the depression of spirit which was so marked a characteristic of his latter years at length assumed so serious a form that even Czar Nicholas found it expedient to relent, and give his heir extended leave of absence, to be spent in visits to the German Courts. It was then that the young Czarevitch wooed and won—a veritable love match in those distant days—the Princess Maria of Hesse Darmstadt, the after Empress, whose weary life came sadly to a close, as all men know, in the summer of last year. In Finland, whither as Chancellor of the University—a dignity conferred upon him when a boy of seven—he betook himself, after his return to Russia with his bride, young Alexander made himself extremely popular, encouraging education and research, and even founding a chair of Finnish Literature, though careful all the time to assure the Finns that they must now consider themselves an inseparable portion of the Russian Empire. Later on, in 1850, a visit to the South of Russia afforded opportunity for two months campaigning in the Caucasus—a military interlude which was at all events sufficient to gain for him, on Woronzow's recommendation, the Order of St. George. But under Nicholas all other personages, even Heirs to the Throne, were comparatively inconspicuous. Thus beyond certain disagreements with the "Old Russian" party, whose idol was his younger brother Constantine, and decided though silent disapproval of his father's high-handed policy in the *imbroglio* which brought on the Crimean War, there was little to note in the Czarevitch's unassuming life until the day when defeat and disappointment broke the father's heart, and on March 2nd, 1855, handed on to the gentler son the "heavy burden"—so the dying Emperor called it—of the Russian Crown.

AN IMPERIAL REFORMER

It would be needless to tell again the closing scene of the great struggle with the Western Powers—how the lucky capture of Kars enabled Russia with the better grace to make the concessions which were indispensable for her safety, and sympathy for a young and guiltless monarch combined with subtler reasons of policy to render the victors, and above all the French Emperor, the reverse of exacting in the conditions they imposed. Russia retired not "to sulk but to collect herself"—to repair the waste of war, to gratify the new longings for reform which surged up everywhere when the pressure of the old *régime* was felt no longer. And in all this, though in a calm and measured way which disappointed at first some of the more ardent spirits, the Czar himself took a foremost part. For the external policy of the Empire, the retirement of Nesselrode, and the choice of Prince Gortschakoff for the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, inaugurated the new era of perfect accord between Sovereign and Minister, and of a quiet "settling of old scores" which endured almost to the last years of the reign. But for the moment questions of internal improvement completely overshadowed all besides. The restrictions imposed by the late Czar on the Universities—the absurd limitation of the number of students, and the still more absurd rule which selected the Professors from military officers of rank—were among the first abuses to be swept away by the Ukase of 1855. A partial amnesty—less liberal, however, in many points than might have been desired—to the Polish exiles of 1830 and 1831 followed early in the ensuing year, though accompanied at the same time by an emphatic declaration that Poland, like Finland, must still remain a simple province of the Russian Empire, while in 1861 still further concessions were made to the Poles, including the right to elect municipal and departmental Councils. All other reforms, however, pale into insignificance before the great measure consummated in this latter year, by which the twenty-two millions of "ordinary serfs" were "not only liberated, but also" (through Government advances) "made possessors of land, and put on the road to becoming Communal proprietors—the old Communal institutions being preserved and developed." And for this reform—the greatest that has been wrought in any European country in our time, however disappointing in some of its temporary results—the praise in an especial degree must be given to Alexander II., and to him alone. Only his energy

and decision could have carried it through against difficulties raised in detail by the serf-owners, willing though they were to accept emancipation in principle. Only to his autocratic will—over-riding in the last resort all opposition from any quarter—does the former *adscriptus glebe* owe his present position as joint owner of the Communal estate, not what the proprietors would have wished to make him—an enfranchised but a landless labourer.

DISAPPOINTMENTS

WITH the passing of this great reform—the one measure with which the name of Alexander "The Liberator" will be associated when all besides has been blurred and obscured by the lapse of time—the happiest and brightest period of his reign might be said already to have reached its term. Even before the Imperial Commission had completed its work the season of disillusionments and disappointments had set in. Emancipation itself was not at once the unmixed good which far-off observers had proclaimed it to be in advance. Great land-owners and freed serfs were equally disappointed. The latter had in many cases persuaded themselves that the omnipotent Czar would give them their lands as well as their liberty without conditions, and could not understand why they should have to work and pay fines and dues rather more promptly than before. In some districts they had to be undeceived by military force. Incendiary fires—the most certain sign of popular discontent—broke out in others. The great proprietors, on the other hand, found that the fifth part of the redemption money which was to be paid them directly by the freed peasants, the remaining four-fifths being advanced by the State, was often not collected at all, and bitterly complained that the emancipated serf used his liberty "to his own detriment and the detriment of others." The judicial and administrative reforms which followed next—including a complete re-modelling after French patterns of the old tribunals, trial by jury, and provincial assemblies with power to levy rates for local needs—were at the best only moderately successful. Imposed from above, rather than allowed to grow, they were hardly understood by the vast body of the peasants, while the excitable but easily wearied Russian of the upper classes after a time got tired of his new plaything, and scarcely troubled himself to keep it in good working order. More especially was this the case with the *Zemstvos* or Provincial Parliaments, from which at first so much had been expected in the way of political, as well as of financial, progress. But the first real obstacle to Alexander's reforming dreams—the first which gave his reign a different bias—arose undoubtedly on the side of Poland. In that country the spirit of independence, never wholly dormant among the Polish priests and nobles, had been in no wise lulled to rest by partial acts of conciliation and conditional promises of ample concessions in the future. Early in the autumn of 1861 the state of siege had been established in Warsaw. The severe military conscription relentlessly enforced without notice in the first days of '63 with the almost avowed design of making a clean sweep of the revolutionary youth of Poland, and hurrying them away to Russian garrisons and distant battle-fields, was followed everywhere by a general revolt. Fear of intervention on the part of the Western Powers added considerably to the difficulties of the Czar. But the danger, if it had ever really existed, passed rapidly away. The French Emperor's scheme of an European Congress found no support among his English allies. The remonstrances of the French and English Cabinets were answered not without a touch of scorn. The insurrection unaided from without was slowly but surely crushed by weight of numbers—Mouravieff, the conqueror of Kars, and General Berg, alike distinguishing themselves for unsparing severity—and efforts, not wholly unsuccessful, were begun to build up both in Poland and Lithuania a class of free peasant proprietors largely recruited from the Russian provinces as a counterpoise in future crises to the irreconcileable nobility of the Kingdom. But the outbreak had changed the current of popular sentiment not with the Czar only, but with all the nation. Internal improvements began to attract less attention; "Old Russian" propagandism and deliberate "Russification" of alien provinces were revived. The relations of Russia to other Powers became again of more importance than the relations of Russians themselves to their own Government, and the Czar, ever drawing near to his uncle of Prussia, who alone had stood by him in the recent crisis, was ready now to hold the balance of power in the great events that were already scented by the few.

FOREIGN POLICY OF ALEXANDER II.

ALTHOUGH most of the credit for the dexterous foreign policy which has gained for Russia much new territory and more new debt must be rather ascribed to Prince Gortschakoff than to his Sovereign, there have at least been two or three occasions—and these the most important in his reign—when Alexander spoke and acted for himself—always with marked decision and effect, sometimes in partial opposition to the Chancellor. The personal feeling, too, which more than once has clearly influenced the course of Russia, must at least have been strong in the Czar as in his Minister. The *rapprochement* to France after the Crimean War—a movement partly inspired by the wish to see Austria punished for her "monstrous ingratitude"—could not survive the attempted intervention in the affairs of Poland. From that time the Czar, who had himself inspired the replies to France and England, was wholly on the side of Prussia—ostentatiously neutral in the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, something more than neutral in the Franco-German War, when the massing of Russian troops upon the frontier effectively held Austria in check, and reaped his reward in the pre-arranged Conference which expunged from the Paris Treaty of '55 its most obnoxious article, and restored to Russian ships of war the right of cruising in the Black Sea waters. His friendship for Prussia was again the chief cement of the League of the Three Emperors in its earlier form, and reduced to practical insignificance the anti-German demonstrations of the Old Russian party, headed although they were by the Czarevitch. Once more in '75, when urged by France to arrest the threatened attack from Germany, it was the Czar himself who gave General Lefo the positive assurance that no "cannon should go off" unless "in spite of me, if not against me"—a friendly act in the interests of peace from which may perhaps date (although the friendship between the Courts remained unbroken) the first beginnings of a divergent policy. The plans of conquest in Central Asia pursued with unswerving energy to the end were probably rather forced upon the Czar by his lieutenants than carried on by his own set design. The promise to England not to occupy Khiva was kept rather in the letter than in the spirit. But his bestowal of his daughter's hand on the Duke of Edinburgh in the following year may be held to show the value set by him on England's friendship as much as his passionate claim, when war with Turkey hung upon a thread, to receive at least the credence given to an ordinary gentleman went to prove the pain he felt at the apparent withdrawal of English confidence in his pledged word. Yet once again in the Russo-Turkish War was

Alexander his own best adviser in following resolutely, though with little enthusiasm, the lead of that "great Russian" party which no Czar, when it pronounces itself, can afford to disregard, and which has been, perhaps, the strongest force in Russian politics through all the time from the outbreak of the Polish troubles to the conclusion of peace in 1878. Though individually averse to war, and wishful probably to avoid it even with the Turks, the stream of Slavonic ardour was too strong for him to stem, and his famous Moscow declaration that if it were necessary "he would act alone" was given and accepted as a pledge that the sacrifices of Tchernaeff's volunteers should not have been in vain, but that the Christians of the Balkan provinces should be saved from the Turk, and saved by Russian hands. In the campaign itself his part was that of a spectator rather than a combatant; but, for the sick and wounded his care was unremitting, and in the gratitude of the simple soldiers, and their rude sense of something in his face of patient sadness and unflinching resolution, there grew up around him, so it is said, a host of legends as around some "Martyr," rather than round some worldly conqueror. But the prize of war for which Great Russia looked was not to fall to her after all. The Treaty of San Stefano had to be amended by the Treaty of Berlin, and in the consequent displeasure, coupled with tales of official maladministration in the war and all too certain signs of distress in all directions at its close, may have been kindled the small spark which changed the smouldering embers of chronic discontent to the red-hot flame of the Nihilist conspiracy.

THE SERVANTS OF THE REVOLUTION

FULL of bitterness for Russia must have been the last few years since the Treaty of Berlin, and the closer union between Germany and Austria showed clearly that the path of ambition was closed, and that beyond the Danube there was no more to be gained. Paralysed in Europe with an uneasy sense that the recompense after all had been too little for her many sacrifices, held in check in Asia by the despised Turkomans till Skobelev's victory of the present year, sighing for a prosperity which seemed to have vanished long ago, and for reforms which continually escaped her grasp, what wonder if amidst such surroundings the deadly plant of conspiracy should thrive apace? And in the plotter's mind the Czar himself—more hated now than even the chiefs of the police—for ever figured as the appointed victim. As long ago as 1866 Karakosoff's pistol had been levelled against his life, and revelations at the subsequent trial had afforded a partial glance at the unseen abyss which yawns beneath a Russian Emperor's feet. The following year the Pole Berazowski had in like manner attempted to take his life at Paris: while in 1870 the arrest of Sergius Netschaeff had disclosed to the world the furious zeal with which Russian students of the advanced school embrace the wildest doctrines of Socialism. Even this, however, had given scanty warning of the furious revolt against all social order—too often unhappily represented in Russia by the hated officials of the notorious "Third Section"—which broke out after the return of peace in the assassination of General Trepoff, and the happily foiled attempt of Solovieff. The last and boldest of these many outrages, the explosion of February 17th, 1880, in the Winter Palace, induced the Czar to adopt the extreme measure of appointing Loris Melikoff Chief of the Executive, with unlimited powers, and trusting to the Armenian's tact and courage to rid the Empire of its secret foes. The plan apparently answered well, and fortified by the disclosures made by Goldberger, General Melikoff seemed at last to have succeeded in bringing to justice the more daring criminals, and in awing others into temporary retirement. Among the latter, however, there were clearly some whose resentment at renewed refusal of their political demands, and desire to avenge their comrades who had perished in the prison or on the scaffold, impelled upon a more desperate course. That danger was in the air was known to the police, and the Czar, it is said, had been warned in time not to attend the parade, from which he was returning when he met his death.

THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION

THE Parade of the Guards at which the Emperor had been present on the afternoon of Sunday, the 13th (according to his custom during his winter residence in the capital), was held in the Riding School attached to the Michael Palace, a huge edifice erected by the Emperor Paul on the foundations of the old Summer Palace which he pulled down. He was driving homewards from this "huge pile of granite" along the road which skirts the Ekaterine Canal, when a bomb was thrown which burst behind the carriage, injuring the back of the vehicle, and wounding several of the Cossack Guard. The Emperor at once alighted, though the coachman urged him to resume his seat, and moved towards the spot where Colonel Dvorketsky, of the police, who as usual was following behind in a sledge, had already seized the man who had thrown the bomb—a student named Rousakoff, of the Institute of Mining Engineers—and who was now vainly struggling to make use of a revolver and dagger. The Emperor ordered him to be removed, and was on the point of turning to walk home when a second bomb was flung by another hand before his feet, shattering both legs as it burst, and throwing him and several others to the ground. A moment's inspection showed that recovery was impossible. Driven rapidly in a sledge to the Winter Palace he received the last sacraments from the Imperial Chaplain, and died, says the official journal, at 3.35, one hour and fifty minutes after the explosion of the missile, with the Czarevitch and all the Imperial Princes in St. Petersburg around his bed. The troops in the barracks and the members of the Imperial Family took the oath of allegiance the same evening to the

NEW EMPEROR, ALEXANDER III.

BORN March 10th, 1845, the second son of the late Czar, the Grand Duke Alexander, became Heir-Apparent by the death of his elder brother Nicholas, at Nice, in April, 1865, and in November of the following year was married to his late brother's affianced bride, Maria Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark, now known, since her admission into the Greek Church, as Maria Feodorovna. Some years ago the then Czarevitch was credited with extremely Liberal views, and closer connection than his father quite approved with the secret societies of the Pan-Slavonic agitators; while his ostentatious dislike of all things German drew from Prince Bismarck the sarcastic remark that young Princes often do and say things which, when Kings, they find it convenient to forget. What the new times will bring forth we must wait to see. But the dark tragedy of the father's fate will cast its shadow far into the future, nor suffer noble or *moujik* speedily to forget the amiable Prince who, whatever may have been his later short-comings, will long be quoted in history as a monarch who all through life according to his lights conscientiously laboured for his people's good.

The Chaplain of the Fleet

By MESSRS. BESANT AND RICE.

(Continued from page 276)

"Nancy!"—he had his eyes upon me all the time—"I knew you were here, but—but—" Here Nancy burst out laughing.

"Harry does not remember you, Kitty. O the inconstancy of men!"

"Kitty?" It was his turn to look confused now. "Is it possible?" Kitty Pleydell? Yet, surely—"

"I am sorry that Mr. Temple so easily forgets his old friends," I said.

"No, no. Forget? not at all." He was so disconcerted that he spoke in single words. "But such a change!"

"A year ago," I said, "I was in russet and brown holland, with a straw hat. But this watering place is not my native village, and I wear brown holland frocks no longer."

"Save in a pastoral," said Mr. Walsingham. "A shepherdess should always wear brown holland, with ribbons and patches, powder and paint; and a crook beautifully wreathed with green ribbons."

"Ge tlemen," I said to my followers, "this is my old friend Mr. Harry Temple, of Wootton Hampstead, Kent, whom you will, I doubt not, welcome among you. But what punishment shall be inflicted upon him for forgetting a lady's face?"

This gave rise to a dispute on an abstract point of gallantry. One held that under no circumstances, and during no time of absence, however prolonged, should a gentleman forget the face of his mistress; another, that if the lady changed, say from a child into a woman, the forgetfulness of her face must not be charged as a crime. We argued the point with great solemnity. Nancy gave it as her opinion that the rest of a woman's face might be forgotten, but not the eyes, because they never change. Mr. Walsingham combed this opinion. He said that the eyes of ladies change when they marry.

"What change?" I asked.

"The eyes of a woman who is fancy free," he said gravely, "are like stars; when she marries, they are planets."

"Nay," said Nancy; "a woman does not wait to be married before her eyes undergo that change. As soon as she falls in love they become planets. For whereas, before that time, they go twinkle, twinkle, upon every pretty fellow who has the good taste to fall in love with her, as mine do when I look upon Lord Eardesley—" the young fellow blushed—"so, after she is in love, they burn with a steady light upon the face of the man she loves, as mine do when I turn them upon Mr. Walsingham."

She gazed with so exaggerated an ardour into the old beau's wrinkled and crows'-footed face, that the rest of us laughed. He, for his part, made a profound salute, and declared that the happiness of his life was now achieved, and that he had nothing left to live for.

In the evening, a private ball was given in the Assembly Rooms by some of the gentlemen, Lord Chudleigh among the number, to a circle of the most distinguished ladies at the Wells. In right of my position as Queen, I opened the ball (of course with his lordship). Afterwards I danced with Harry. When the country dances began I danced again with Harry, who kept looking in my eyes and squeezing my hand in ridiculous fashion. At first I set it down to rejoicing and fraternal affection. But he quickly undid me when the dance was over, for while we stood aside to let others have their turn, he began about the promise we know of.

"Little did I think, sweet Kitty," he said, with half-shut eyes, "that when I made that promise to bring you back into Kent, you would grow into so wonderful a beauty."

"Well, Harry," I replied, "it was kindly meant of you, and I thank you for your promise—which I now return you."

"You return me my promise?" he asked, as if surprised, whereas he ought most certainly to have considered what had been my country ignorance and my maidenly innocence when he gave me his promise.

"Certainly," I said; "seeing that I am under the protection of Mrs. Esther Pimpernel, and have no longer any need for your services."

"My services?" as if still more surprised. I am convinced that he was only acting astonishment, because he must have known the truth had he reflected at all. "Why Kitty, I do not understand. You are not surely going to throw me over?"

Then I understood at last.

"Harry," I said, "there has been, I fear, some mistake."

"No," he replied; "no mistake—no mistake at all. How could there be a mistake?" You promised that you would return with me, never to go away again."

"Why so I did. But, Harry, I never thought—"

"You must have known what I meant, Kitty! Do not pretend that you did not. Oh! you may open your eyes as wide as you like, but I shall believe it, nevertheless."

"You have made a great mistake," I said; "that is very certain. Now let us have no more talk of such things, Harry."

Lord Chudleigh came at that moment to lead me in to supper. I thought very little of what had passed, being only a little vexed that Harry had made so great a blunder.

The supper was pleasant, too, with plenty of wax candles, cold chickens, capons, wheat-ears, ice-creams, and champagne, which is certainly the most delicious wine ever made.

After supper, my lord asked me if there was any friend of mine whom I would especially like to be invited to his party at Durdans?

I named Harry Temple, whom my lord immediately sought out, and invited in my name. Harry bowed sulkily, but accepted.

"Is there any person," Lord Chudleigh asked next, "whom you would like *not* to be asked?"

"No," I said, "I have no enemies."

"As if the Queen of the Wells could avoid having enemies!" he laughed. "But there are none who can do you harm, even by the venom of spiteful tongues."

He was silent for a minute or two, and then he went on, with hesitation:

"Pardon me, Miss Pleydell: I have no right to speak of these things to you; my interest is greater than my politeness, and I venture to ask you a question."

"Pray speak, my lord."

"A spiteful tongue has whispered it abroad that you have to-day given your plighted lover a cold reception."

"Who is my plighted lover?"

"Mr. Harry Temple. Tell me, Miss Pleydell, if there is any promise between you and this gentleman?"

He looked at me in such a way as made me both rejoice and tremble.

"No, my lord," I said, blushing against my will, and to my great confusion; "I am not promised to Mr. Temple. Will your lordship take me to the dancing room?"

It was a bright moonlight night when we came away. We walked home escorted by some of the gentlemen. Lord Chudleigh, as he stooped to take my hand, raised it rapidly to his lips and pressed my fingers. The action was not seen I think by the others.

That night I tried to put the case plainly to myself.

I said: "Kitty, my dear, the man you want above all other men to fall in love with you has done it; at least it seems so. He seeks

you perpetually; he talks to you; he singles you out from the rest; he is jealous; his eyes follow you about; he sends fruit and flowers to you; he gives an entertainment, and calls you the Queen of the Feast; he presses your hand and kisses your fingers. What more, Kitty, would you have?"

On the other hand, I thought: "If he falls in love with you, being already married, as he believes, to another woman, he commits a sin against his marriage vows. Yet what sin can there be in breaking vows pronounced in such a state as he was in, and in such a way? Why, they seem to me no vows at all, in spite of the validity of the doctor's orders and the so-called blessing of the Church. Yet he cannot part from his wife by simply wishing; and, knowing that, he does actually commit the sin of deceit in loving another woman."

"Kitty, what would you have? For if he doth not love you, then you are miserable above all women; and if he does, then are you grieved, for his own sake, for it is a sin—and ashamed for your own, because your confession will be a bitter thing to say. Yet must it be made, soon or late. Oh! with what face will you say to him: 'My lord, I am that wife of the Fleet wedding?' Or, 'My lord, you need not woo me, for I was won before I was wooed?' Or perhaps, worst thing of all, 'My lord, the girl who caught your fickle fancy for a moment at Epsom, whom you passed over, after a day or two, for another, who was not pretty enough to fix your affections, is your lawful wife?'

"Kitty, I fear that the case is hopeless indeed. For should he really love you, what forelook or expectancy is there but that the love will turn to hatred when he finds that he has been deceived?"

Then I could not but remember how a great lord, with a long rent-roll, of illustrious descent, might think it pleasant for a day or two to dance attendance upon a pretty girl, by way of sport, meaning nothing further, but that he could not think seriously of so humble a girl as myself in marriage. It would matter little to him that she was descended from a long line of gentlemen, although but a vicar's daughter: the Pleydells were only simple country gentlefolk. I was a simple country clergyman's daughter, whose proper place would be in his mother's still-room: a daughter of one of those men whose very vocation for the most part awakens a smile of pity or contempt, according as they are the sycophants of the squire whose living they enjoy, or the drudges of their master the Rector whose work they do. It was not in reason to think that Lord Chudleigh—Would he to Heaven he had not come to Epsom Wells at all! Then, when the doctor chose the day for revealing the truth, I might have borne the hatred and scorn which now, I thought, would kill me.

"Oh, if one could fix him! By what arts do girls draw to themselves the love of men, and then keep that love for ever, so that they never seek to wander elsewhere, and the world is for them like the Garden of Eden, with but one man and woman in it! I would have all his heart, and that so firmly and irrevocably given to me, that forgiveness should follow confession, and the heart remain still in my keeping when he knew all my wickedness and shame."

Then a sudden thought struck me.

Long ago when I was a child, I had learned, or taught myself, a thing which I would fain believe was not altogether superstitious. One day my father, who would still be talking of ancient things, and cared for little of more modern date than the Gospels, told me of a practice among the ancients by which they thought to look into the future. It was an evil practice, he said, because if these oracles were favourable, they advanced with blind confidence; and if unfavourable, with a heart already prepared for certain defeat and death. Their method was nothing in the world but the opening of a Virgil anywhere, and accepting the first line which offered itself as a prophecy of the event of their undertaking. I was but a little thing when he told me this, but I pondered it in my mind, and I reasoned in this way (nothing doubting that the ancients did really in this manner read the future):

"If these pagans could tell the event by consulting the words of Virgil, a heathen like unto themselves, how much more readily ought we to learn what is going to happen by consulting the actual Word of God?"

Thereupon, without telling any one, I used to consult this oracle, probably by myself, in every little childish thing which interested me.

It was a thing presumptuous, though in my childhood I did not know that it was a sin. Yet I did try it on this very night—a grown-up woman—trying to get a help to soothe my mind.

The moonlight was so bright that I could read at the open window without a candle. I had long since extinguished mine.

I opened the Bible at random, kept my finger on a verse, and took the book to the casement.

Then I read:

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage: and He shall strengthen thy heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord."

Now these words I thankfully accepted as a solemn message from Heaven, an answer to my prayer.

So I laid me down, and presently fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW KITTY HAD LETTERS AND VERSES

EVERYBODY knows that a watering-place in summer is a nest of singing birds. I do not mean the birds of the air, nor the ladies who sing at the concerts, nor the virtuosos, male and female, who gather together to talk of appoggiatura, sonata, and—and the rest of the musical jargon. I mean rather those epigrammatists, libellous imitators of Pasquin, and love-verse writers, who abound at such places. Mostly they are anonymous, so that one cannot thank them as one would. The verses this year at Epsom came down upon us in showers. They were stuck up on the pillars of the porch of the Assembly Rooms, they were laid upon the table of the book-shop, they were handed about on the Terrace. Also they came to me at my lodgings, and to Nancy at hers, and very likely to Peggy Baker at hers. Here, for instance, is one set which were shown round at the Assembly:

Epsom could boast no reigning Toast:

The Terrace wept for pity.

Kind Fortune said, "Come, lift your head;

I send you stately Kitty."

She came, she reigned, but still disdained

The crowd's applause and fancy;

Quoth Fortune, "Then content ye, men,

With pretty, witty Nancy."

Every morning lovers were at our feet (on paper). They wrote letters enjoining me "by those soft killing eyes" (which rhymed with "sighs") to take pity on their misery, or to let them die. You would have thought, to read their vows, that all the men in the town were in profound wretchedness. They could not sleep: they could no longer go abroad: they were wasting and pining away: they were the victims of a passion which was rapidly devouring them: Death, they said, would be welcomed as a Deliverer. Yet it will hardly be believed that in spite of so dreadful an epidemic of low fever, no outward signs of it were visible in the town at all: the gentlemen were certainly fat, and in good case; their hearts seemed merry within them; they laughed, made jokes, sang, and were jolly to outward show: their appetites were good; they were making (apparently) no preparations for demise. Their letters and verses were, however, anonymous, so it was impossible to point with accuracy to any sufferer who thus dissembled. From information conveyed to me by Cicely Crump, I believe that the verses and letters came in great measure from the apprentices and shopmen employed by

the mercers, haberdashers, hosiers, and drapers of the town—young men whose employment brings them constantly into the presence of ladies, but whose humble positions in the world forbid them to do anything more than worship at a great distance: yet their hearts are as inflammable as their betters, and their aspirations are sometimes above their rank, as witness the gallant elopement of Joshua Crump, Cicely's father, with Miss Jenny Medlicott, daughter of an alderman: then they find relief and assume a temporary dignity—as they fondly think—in writing anonymous love-letters. I think the letters must have come from these foolish and conceited young men, because I cannot understand how a gentleman who values his self-respect could so far humiliate himself as to write letters which he would be ashamed to sign, declaring himself the foolish victim of a foolish passion, and addressing a fellow-creature, a being like himself, with all the imperfections of humanity upon her, as an angel (which is blasphemous), and a sun of glory (which is nonsense), or a bright particular star (which is copied from the preface of the Bible). I confess that we liked the open compliments and public attentions of the gentlemen: they pleased us, and we took them in sober honesty for what they were worth—the base coin of gallantry rings as pleasantly sometimes as the guinea gold of love—but it is one thing to be called a goddess in the accepted language of exaggeration and mock humility commonly used in polite assemblies, and another to be addressed in a grovelling strain seriously and humbly, as if one were the Lama of Thibet, or the grand Bashaw, or the Pope himself. It is pleasant to see a young fellow dancing along the walk with his hat under his arm, making reverence, with his eyes full of admiration, his face lit with smiles, and compliments upon his tongue, because one knows that it is the natural homage paid by an honest fellow to a pretty girl, and that when years have robbed the beauty, the homage will be paid to some one else. But for these silly boys' letters—

And then we made the sad discovery, by comparing our letters, that they were not even original. Many of them were, word for word, the same, showing that they had been copied from the same model. If it be true that passion makes the most tongue-tied lover eloquent, then this discovery proved that the violence of the passion was as feigned as the letters were false, unless Nancy's supposition was true.

"Fie!" cried she, "the wretch has written the same letters to both of us. Can he be in love with two maids at the same time?"

Then she took both letters and showed them about among the company.

There was another kind of letter which I received: it was filled with slander and abuse, and was written in disguised handwriting. Several of them came to me, and I was foolish enough to be vexed over them, even to shed tears of vexation. My anonymous correspondent gave me, in fact, such information and advice as the following, which was not conveyed to me all at once, but in several letters.

"Your Lord Chudleigh is very well known to be a gambler who hath already dipped into more than half his estate; do you think it possible that he should marry the daughter of that poor thing—a country parson—with no more fortune to her back than what a City madam may chance to give her? Be not deceived. Your triumph is to walk the Terrace with him at your elbow: your disgrace will be when he leaves you to lament alone. . . .

"Do not think that any other gentleman will stoop to pick up the cast-off fancy of Lord Chudleigh. When he leaves you, expect nothing but general desertion and contempt. This advice comes from a well-wisher.

"Lord Chudleigh is, as is very well known, the falsest and the most fickle of men. When he hath added you to the list of women whom he hath deceived, he will go away to Bath or town, there to boast of what he hath done. He belongs to the Seven Devils' Club, whose boast it is to spare no man in play and no woman in love. Be warned in time,

"Poor Kitty Pleydell! Your reputation is now, indeed, cracked, if not broken altogether. Better retire to the obscurity of your town lodging, where, with Mrs. Pimpernel, you may weep over the chances that you think to have lost, but have never really possessed. Better take up, while there is yet time, with Harry Temple. All the Wells is talking of your infatuation about Lord Chudleigh. He, for his part, is amused. With his friends he laughs and makes sport."

And so on, and so on: words which, like the buzzing of a fly or the sting of a gnat, annoy for a while and then are forgotten. For the moment one is angry: then one remembers things and words which show how false are these charges: one reflects that the writer is more to be pitied than the receiver: and one forgives. Perhaps I was the readier to forgive because I saw a letter written by no other (from the similarity of the 't's and 'k's) than Miss Peggy Baker, and was fully persuaded that the writer of these unsigned letters was that angry nymph herself.

As for the verses which were left at the door, and brought by boys who delivered them and ran away—Nancy said they had no clothes on except a quiver and a pair of wings, and so ran away for shame lest Cicely should see them—they bore a marvellous resemblance to those which the ingenious Mr. Stalabradus was wont to manufacture; they spoke of nymphs and doves and bosky groves, of kids and swains on verdant plains, of shepherds' reeds and flowery meads, of rustic flutes and rural fruits.

"The fashion of verses," said Mrs. Esther, "seems little changed since we were here in 1720. Doubtless the English language has never been able to achieve a greater excellence than that arrived at by Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Steele."

Perhaps the language of love is always the same, and when a man feels that tender emotion he naturally desires to quit the garish town and the artificial restraints of society, and with his *inamorata* to seek the simple delights of the meadows and the fields, there to be together:

Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove—

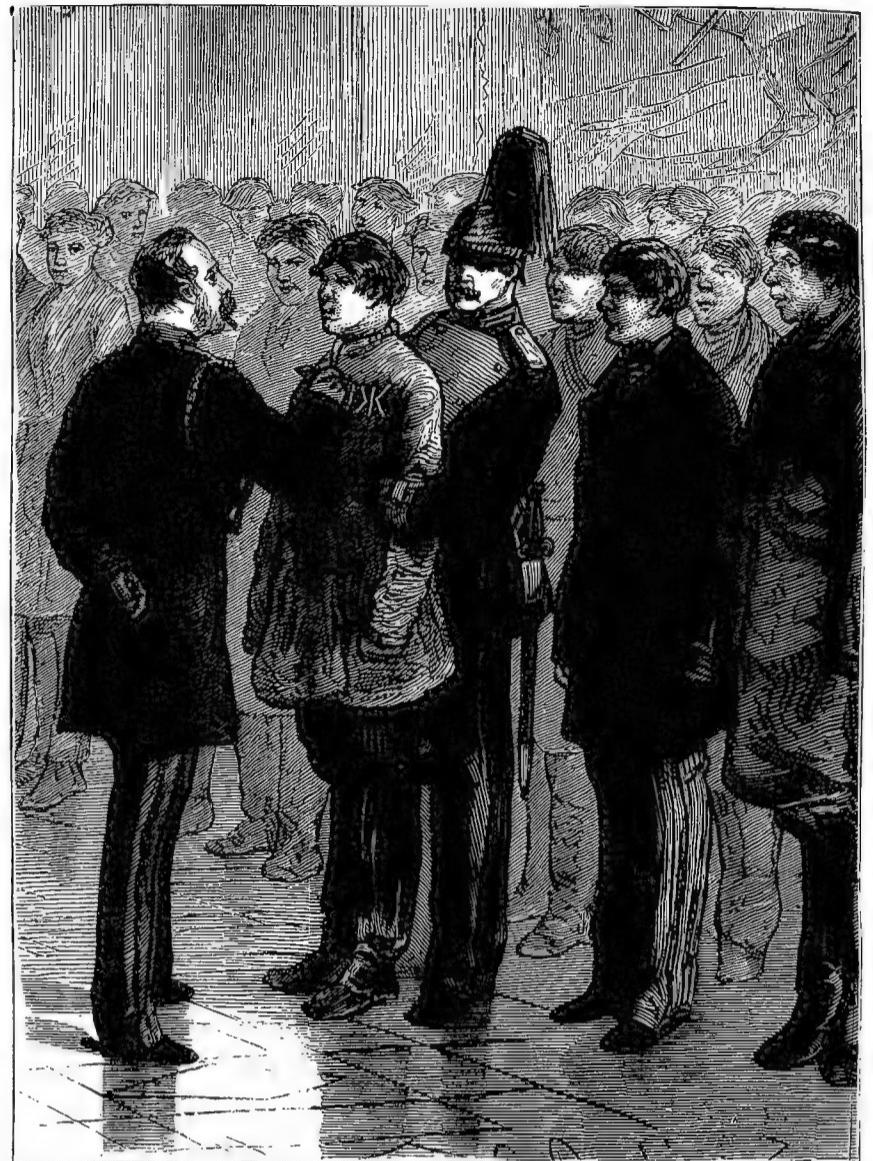
So that to every lover the old language, with its musty tropes and rusty figures, is new and fresh, just as any other delight in life when first tasted. I say nothing for that poor weakling, that hot-house plant, the passion affected by beaux at a watering-place for fashionable beauties, which may use the strong language of real love, and yet is so fragile as to be in danger of perishing with every cold blast and frosty air.

I would not laugh at these simple poets, because I have learned since then that there are youths who, too bashful to speak, may yet conceive such a pure and noble passion for a woman—who certainly does not deserve it—as may serve for them as a stimulus and goad to great actions. For no creature, whether man or woman, can do fit suit and service to another, whether in thought or action, without endeavouring to make himself fit and worthy to be her servant. And if he be but one of a hundred following in a crowd of worshippers, it is good for him to mark and obey the laws of gallantry and knightly service, and to lay aside for a while the talk of barrack, stable, coffee-house, and gaming-room.

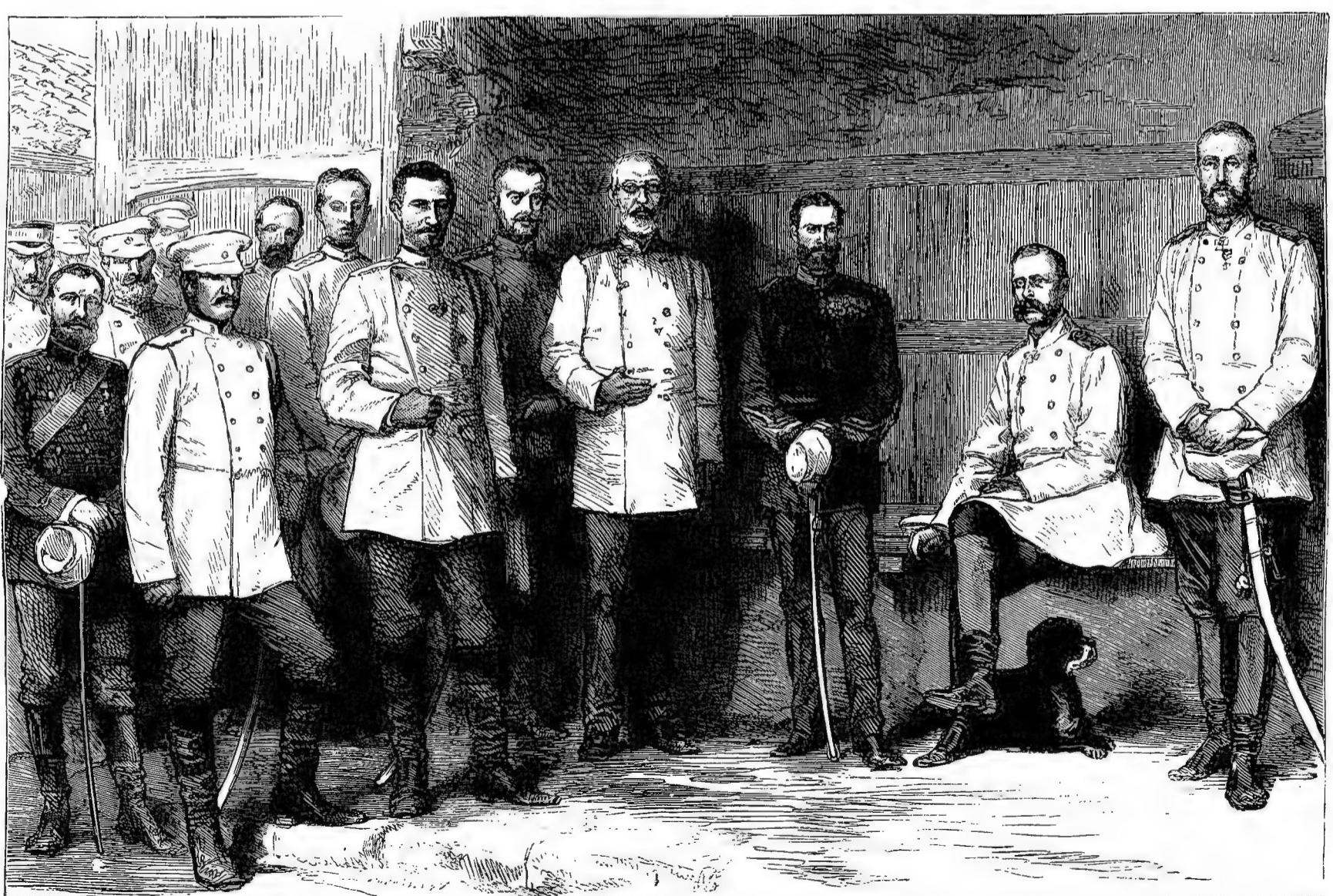
"Pretty moralist," said Nancy, "you would like the young fellows at your heels, doing suit and service; and you would like to feel that their attendance is doing good to their innocent souls. Now, for my part, I think only how they may be doing good to myself, and when I see them figuring and capering, hat under arm, one foot valiantly stuck out—so—the ties of their wigs wagging behind them, and their canes bobbing at their wrists,



THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR—THE CZAR AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS
WATCHING THE ATTACK ON PLEVNA, 1877



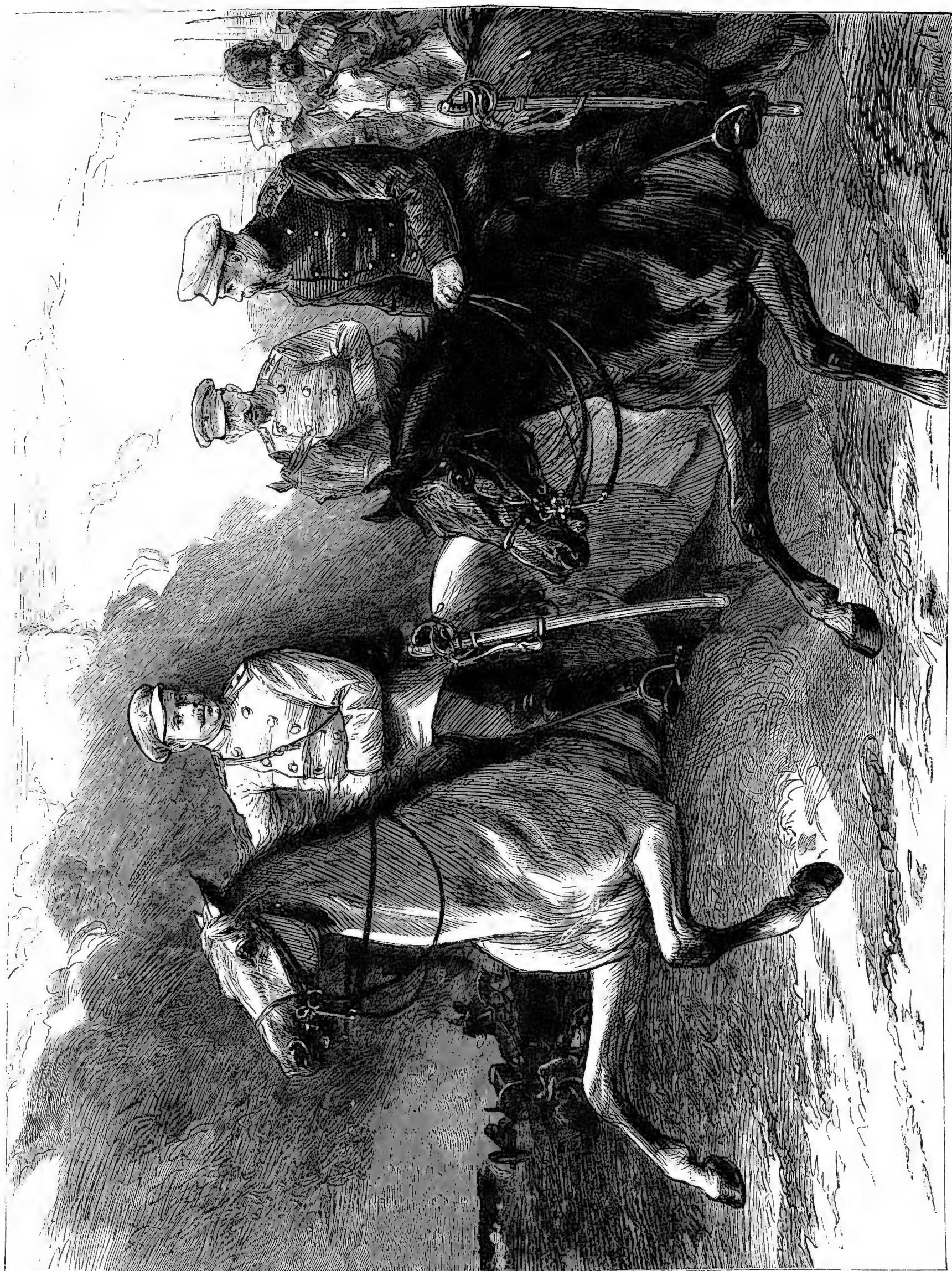
THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR—THE CZAR MARKING RECRUITS WITH THEIR REGIMENTAL NUMBERS, 1877



Prince Suvorov Prince Charles of Roumania
THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR—THE CZAR AND HIS STAFF AT GORNY STUDEN, 1877

The Czar The Grand Duke Nichola

THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER II.



THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER II.—THE CZAREVITCH AND HIS STAFF ON THE FIELD WITH THE ARMY OF THE LOM, 1877

gurdy, is meant for me—that is, except what is meant for you, which is the larger half. It may do good to the men : I am sure I wish from my heart it does, because the poor profligates want so much good done to them ; but I rather love to think of the honour it confers upon us women, and the envy, hatred, and malice it awakens in the breast of our sisters. My dear Peggy Baker is turning positively green with this hateful passion of jealousy. To be a Toast, even a second Toast, like me, when your superior charms—I am not a bit jealous, Kitty, my dear—have had their due acknowledgment, is a very great honour. In years to come, say about the beginning of the nineteenth century, if I live so long, I shall say to my grandchildren, who will then be about eighteen or nineteen, and as beautiful as the day, ‘My dears,’ I shall say, ‘your grandmother, though you will find it difficult to believe, was not always toothless, nor did her hands always shake, nor were her cheeks wrinkled, nor were her chin and nose close together. Look in the glass, girls, and you may guess what your poor old grandmother once was, in the days when she was pretty Nancy Levett, a Toast when the beautiful Kitty Pleydell was Queen of the Wells. Kitty Pleydell, who married—, no, my dear, I will not say it, because it might bring you bad luck.’

I told Nancy about Harry Temple's strange mistake ; she grew very serious over it, and reflected what was best to be done. I warned her to say nothing herself, but to leave him to his own reflections. First he sulked, that is to say, he avoided me in public, and did not even pay his respects to Mrs. Pimpernel in private ; then he implored me to give him another hearing. I gave him what he asked, I heard him tell his story over again, then I assured him once more that it was impossible. He behaved very strangely, refused to take my answer as final, and vexed us by betraying in public the discontent and anger which, had he possessed any real regard for me, he ought to have kept a secret in his own breast. Some of the backbiters, as Lord Chudleigh told me, put it about that I had thrown over my former lover. Allusion to this calumny was made, as has already been shown, in the anonymous letters.

Lord Chudleigh paid me no compliments and wrote me no verses, nor did he often join in our train upon the Terrace. But he distinguished us by frequently paying a visit to our lodgings in the morning, when he would sit and read, or talk, and sometimes share our simple dinner.

“We who belong to the great City houses,” said Mrs. Esther after one of these visits, “are accustomed from infancy to familiarity with Nobility. My father, when Worshipful Master of the Armour Scourers’ Company, or in his year of office as Lord Mayor, would sometimes have a peer on one side and a bishop on the other. Baronets and simple knights we hardly valued. Therefore these visits of his lordship, which are no doubt a great distinction for both of us, seem like a return of my childhood.”

We learned from Lord Chudleigh that it was his intention (afterwards fully carried out) to take that active part in the administration of State affairs to which his exalted rank naturally called him.

“I am ever of opinion,” he said, “that a gentleman in this country owes it to his birth and position to do his utmost for the preservation of our liberties and the maintenance of sound government.”

And he once told us, to our astonishment, that had he lived in the days of Charles the First, he should have joined the party of the Parliament.

It seemed to me, who watched him narrowly and with trembling, that he was desirous, in these visits, to find out what manner of person I was, and whether I possessed any virtues to illustrate that external comeliness which had already taken his fancy. Alas ! I thought continually with shame of the time when I should have to throw myself at his feet, and implore his mercy and forgiveness.

Then he encouraged me to talk about my childhood and my father, taking pleasure, I thought, in the contemplation of a life given up to Heaven and learning, and smiling at the picture of Lady Levett, who ruled us all, the two boys who came home to tease the girls, and little Nancy, so fond and so pretty. I wondered then that he should care to hear about the way I lived, the books I read, the death of my honoured father, and the little things which make up a country maid’s life, wherein the ripples and the gentle breezes are as important to her as great storms and gales to men and women of the world. I know, now, that when a man loves a girl there is nothing concerned with her that he does not want to know, so that her image may be present to him from the beginning, and that he may feel that there has been no year of her life, no action of hers at all, that he does not know, with what she thought, what she did, who were her friends, and what she was like.

Thus he told me about his own country house, which was a very fine place indeed, and his gardens, stables, library, pictures, and all the splendid things which he had inherited.

Two things we hid from each other, the one that I was the girl whom he had married : the other, that he was already married.

“Child,” said Nancy, “the young lord hath plainly bewitched thee. Remember, my dear, that a woman must not be won too easily. Can we not break his heart a little ?”

Lady Levett took occasion to speak to me to the same effect.

“Kitty,” she said, “I have eyes in my head and can see. Do not encourage the man too much. Yet it would be a grand match, and I should be well content to see a coronet on that pretty head. Still, be not too ready. But he is a handsome fellow, and I believe as good as we can expect of any man in this profligate age. Nay, child, do not change colour : I know nothing against his character, except that he has a town house and that he has lived much in London. But make him feel a little the pangs of love. Listen, or pretend to listen, to the addresses of another man. When my husband came courting me, do you think I said yes all at once ? Not so. There were other suitors in the field, let me tell thee, Kitty, as young and as rich as Sir Robert, and of as good a family. To be sure, there was none so good in my eyes. As for one, he rode to hounds all day, and in the evening slept in his chair. He broke his neck jumping a brook when he was but thirty. Another, he drank October all day long, and at night was carried to bed like a log. When he was forty he was taken with a seizure, being still a bachelor, all for love of me and his brown jug, which I think he loved still more. And a third, he was choleric, and used to beat his grooms. Now, my dear, a man who beats his grooms is just as likely to beat his wife. Wherefore, beware of strikers. And a fourth, he was a gambler, and all night over his cards, so that I would have none of him. He lost his estate and went into the Austrian service. There he was run through the body and killed in a duel by a French chevalier, who had first robbed him at faro. But do not think I let my true love know my resolution. I plagued him first, and teased him until he was humble. Then I bade him be happy, and the good man hath been happy ever since.”

Alas ! I could not tease my lord or plague him : I could not coquet with other men, even though Peggy went about saying :

“The silly wretch is in love with him ; she shows it in her eyes. O the impudence !”

(To be continued).

THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF HAPSBURG, the cradle of the present Austrian dynasty, which is situated near Brugg, in the Swiss canton of Aargau, is greatly coveted by the Imperial family, and Prince Rudolph has been trying to persuade the Canton to sell him the family relic as a present for Princess Stéphanie. Being State property, however, the Canton is unable to part with it, and the Prince has been referred to the Swiss Government. The Austrians attempted to purchase the Castle at the beginning of the present century, but were refused permission.



PROF. CAMPBELL FRASER gives many more pages to “Berkeley,” the third in the series of “Philosophical Classics for English Readers” (Blackwood), than Mr. Lucas Collins did to Bishop Butler. They were needed ; for no philosopher has been more persistently misunderstood than the apostle of tar-water, since Dr. Johnson proposed to refute his idealism by making him walk up against a post. Professor Frazer’s aim is “tounfold the Bishop’s thought in connection with his personal history.” Berkeley has much more personal history than Butler. An Irishman of obscure birth, he was for years an absentee, travelling in France (where he perhaps met Malebranche) and Italy, and Sicily ; and then winning all hearts (and pockets) in London to his Bermuda scheme. Nothing is more remarkable than “the magic of his influence ;” he not only enchanted the philosophical Queen Caroline, but also the stolid George II., who gave him a magnificent gold medal. Berkeley’s first success in London was due to Swift, after whose marriage with Stella, Vanessa made the future Bishop of Cloyne (whom she had never seen) her executor, and heir to half her property. At the age of forty-four he sailed for America ; but his educational scheme was a failure from the outset. Professor Frazer does not sacrifice to the interesting details of the life his account of Berkeley’s philosophy. How Berkeley differs from Fichte is well explained ; no one who reads “objections to immaterialism” need fear lest the premises which unsubstantiate matter should unsubstantiate everything, and lead to a nihilism that puts an end alike to philosophy and physical science and common knowledge. Still, no doubt, from one side, Berkeley’s reversal of materialism looks like universal scepticism, or at least agnosticism ; indeed, the chief interest of Professor Frazer’s volume is this continual reference to the scientific and theological problems of to-day. Agnostic Positivism, Kantian and Neo-Kantian ideas, and the philosophy of common-sense or “ineradicable faith,” of which Hutcheson and Reid were the exponents, were all growing out of immaterialism even in Berkeley’s lifetime. Strangely enough, he was wholly unaffected by what was going on around him ; those who were turning upside down the world of thought “were all outside his life.” Professor Fraser’s is a very able contribution to this admirable series. His closing remarks on “The Philosophy of Faith,” as explaining the compensating deficiencies of gnosticism and agnosticism, deserve thoughtful study.

Bill Sykes has turned author ; and in “Prison Life and Prison Poetry,” Vol. I. (Newman and Co.), he is as edifying as if he were writing for the chaplain instead of to warn “such as are contemplating or engaged in a career of crime.” Bill must be quite aware that those who are qualifying for five years’ penal servitude are of all people the least likely to meet with his book. His only chance is to have his verses printed off on broadsheets and sold by the ballad-mongers ; unless, indeed, he can get them inserted in the *Police News*, or persuade the “Salvation Army” to sing them. His aim is excellent ; drink it (as he says) the Devil’s chief ally in filling our prisons, and next to drink comes betting. His rough verse bears the stamp of genuineness ; he tells us he had to learn it as he made it, no writing being allowed except the regulation letter to friends. Before his second volume appears we hope he will discover some plan for getting at those whom he desires to influence. In his notes on Prison Life he often hits a blot ; it is disgraceful that in the leave-taking after sentence twenty or thirty prisoners of every grade and their relations, vile and honest, should be mixed up together. It is worse that, while the order is, “no prisoner shall be stripped in the presence of another,” the practice is to strip and search a whole gang at once. Even convicts have feelings ; and Visiting Justices and prison legislators may get a good many hints from a book the moral of which the big brewers and those who so lightly grant licenses ought to take to heart.

“Carter’s Practical Gardener” (Carter, High Holborn) consists of essays on “Salads All the Year,” “The Orchard House,” “Window Gardening,” “Lawn Tennis Grounds,” and every kindred subject, mostly by well-known writers. To say that “Roses” are treated of by Canon Hole, “Water-cress” by Shirley Hibberd, and “Florists’ Flowers” by R. Dean, is enough to show the value of the work not to the amateur only. It is not at all too technical, and yet never lapses into superficiality. In “Cottage Gardens,” for instance, care is taken to point out how differently deep and shallow soils ought to be treated. Just at this season, when mice are such plagues, it is well to know that they never meddle with seeds soaked in paraffin. Good seed, by the way, is the first requisite to success in gardening ; much of what gets into the market is so bad that no wise mouse would think of touching it. We hope the remarks on Continental vegetables may help to put us more on an equality with France in this respect. *Chicorée sauvage* is, after all, only wild endive, a common plant in all our mediæval gardens, though now mostly banished to the road-sides.

Any one who heard Lord William Lennox lecture will be prepared for the sort of fare that he gives us in “Plays, Players, and Playhouses at Home and Abroad” (Hurst and Blackett). The stage was his mania ; and as his experience dated from the beginning of the century, he was an authority in regard to a great deal of the contents of his two volumes. Everybody likes to know something about Edmund Kean and “Jack” Bannister and T. P. Cooke and Elliston, not to speak of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Nisbett, and Madame Vestris, and the other lights of those days when folks dined early, and ate suppers after the play. Actors have always had a good time of it in England ; though it is a little too much to say that “nearly the whole of Poets’ Corner is devoted to the memory of dramatic writers and stage players.” Lord Lennox’s book is full of anecdotes. Kean dining at Lord Hertford’s and then, instead of staying to act, slipping away with a brother actor while the cloth was being removed, and saying as he put on his cloak : “Not one of those great lords would have noticed the poor stroller six months ago,” is characteristic ; so is Cooke in Paris sitting over his wine while the Duchess of Berri was waiting to hear the play. No wonder English *troupes* have been less popular in Paris than their French brethren have been in London when the first English company was handicapped with such a leader. Lord William’s volume will be a treasure to old playgoers, but his reminiscences are not confined to a past day ; he even discusses the merits of living favourites like Corney Grain, besides telling us a good deal both from history and personal acquaintance about French actors and actresses. The man who knew every stage celebrity from Romeo Coates to Toole was sure to have plenty of good stories to tell ; and, what is at least as essential, he has told them with remarkable spirit.

Of “Sach’s German Conversational Grammar” (Whittingham) the peculiarity is that it follows what he calls the natural system, viz., to eschew written exercises, “first learning to speak and afterwards to write.” Written exercises are, no doubt, often a mere device for keeping pupils employed while the master is busy elsewhere, and writers, moreover, forming bad habits for want of guidance. “Begin to talk your words,” says Herr Sachs, “as soon you have learnt any ;” and this rule, as well as his whole system, requires a good teacher ; with such help his book is excellent. His remarks on pronunciation are very interesting. “Hanoverian,” he says, “is only one of the dialects,” and he goes in for “High German, which is no dialect at all.” He appeals to the Berlin

Conference of 1876 ; and it will astonish many purists to find him saying “schpringen” and “schtark,” this pronunciation having been settled by Professor von Raumer of Erlangen, “the first authority on the German language.”

Popular, portable, and readable, “Cassell’s Monthly Shilling Library” promises, moreover, a rare variety of subjects. “Free Trade” (Cassell : London, Paris, and New York), the volume before us, is to be followed by “The Covenanters,” and after no long interval by “American Humourists.” Each subject is to be entrusted to a specialist ; and if the rest do their work as well as Mr. Mongredien has done his, the result will be an exceedingly useful series. “Free Trade” is a clear and very readable account, by a thorough partisan, of the great movement. Such a book was needed ; the present generation knows nothing of the days when gangs of Spital-field weavers went about throwing vitriol over the wearers of cotton prints, and wrecking the houses of the Irish who were brought over to keep down wages. With wheat ranging in four years between 112s. and 38s., it seems incredible that things could have gone on at all. Clearly, giving up Protection has not ruined our foreign trade ; on the contrary, its value has tripled since 1840. Pauperism, too, and crime have diminished, and the wealth of the country has largely increased. That free trade suits us whose prosperity had been built up by a long course of rigid protection, while it would not suit a country which is only now beginning to manufacture, is an objection which it did not come within Mr. Mongredien’s plan to answer. He does not argue, he narrates ; and his narrative of the stirring times when “the unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden” and the fiery diatribes of John Bright wrought with the Irish famine to destroy the Corn Laws, is very interesting. The book is really a wonderful shilling’s-worth.

The interest felt in Irish questions has induced the republication of John Stuart Mill’s “England and Ireland” (Longmans), which originally appeared during the Fenian troubles of 1867. Mr. Mill’s transparent style and logical method (to say nothing of other excellencies) always make any of his writings worth reading, but we think, if the author were now alive, and possessed therefore the advantage of recent experience, he would not put forth so confidently as a remedy for all Irish woes the conversion of the present tenant-farmers into perpetual holders at a fixed rent. Nor is it fair to imply, as Mr. Mill does, that ever since the connexion between the two countries began, England has always been the oppressor and Ireland the victim. On the contrary, ever since the days of Henry II., numbers of Englishmen have striven conscientiously to benefit Ireland, and every impartial student of Irish history must admit that both the native Irish, and the Colonists who became more Irish than the natives, have at various times thwarted various efforts made for their benefit.

Englishmen are proverbially fond of discussing the weather, but the facts are now set forth at such inordinate length in the daily papers that non-scientific readers are inclined to shirk reading them. On this very account, we think that the pamphlet styled “The Weather of 1880,” by Mr. Edward Mawley, Hon. Secretary of the Rose Society (Bemrose and Sons) deserves attention. It contains a succinct yet complete record of last year’s weather as observed at Addiscombe, as well as comparisons with former seasons. We hope Mr. Mawley will be encouraged to continue this publication every year. For horticulturists, especially, it will be a most valuable record.



THE FARMERS’ OUTLOOK is not fine. The wheat acreage is small. Oats and barley are so cheap that spring corn sowing is carried on with anything but light heart. Last autumn the store of straw and roots was encouragingly large. The enormous exactions of winter have greatly reduced the store of both. Straw is already running short on some farms. Swedes and turnips have rotted to an unusual extent, and mangolds have lost much of their nutritive power through the frosts. Rye and other green crops are very backward, and but for the vegetation stirring in the hedgerows and the song of birds in the air we should hardly believe that we were within a week of Lady Day.

NORWICH is to be congratulated on the Duke of Norfolk’s resolve to build a handsome church there. The style will be Gothic, of the “Early English” period ; the architect Mr. G. G. Scott.

RABBIT FARMING.—Some months ago we published a communication on rabbit farming. Several correspondents asked for further details, which we were unable to give, as our original informant left unanswered our letters to him. We now learn that Mr. Charles Popple, of Caistor, Norfolk, has purchased thirty-two acres of sand braes and waste land, and is making banks and fences suitable to a rabbit farm. The same experiment is being carried out at Weeting Hall, also in Norfolk. As rabbits are in parts becoming scarce, and even “Ostend” rabbits are rising in price, we anticipate for the venture a genuine success.

A NEWLY-FORMED CAVITY.—The work of Nature is never ceasing. At Kingston Park, near Dorchester, a strange earth cavity, about nine feet square, has been discovered under circumstances which all but prove that it must have formed during the past winter. The rainfall and the snowfall since January have been very great, the soil in the district is very rotten, and the gravel in other parts of the Park has partially subsided. The formation of so large a cavity is none the less a natural curiosity. The geologist gets a hint, if the archaeologist is balked of an expected “find.”

ANCIENT MONUMENTS have again been advocated before the House of Commons by the indefatigable Member for the University of London. Sir John Lubbock’s proposal was opposed with singular ill grace by the Government, but was carried by a substantial majority after an animated discussion, in which the eminent and Radical representative of Dewsbury informed an astonished House that the “Giant’s Causeway” in Ireland was a monument of our forefathers which he thought ought really to be preserved !

NOW AND THEN.—Before the Royal Agricultural Commission, said the Duke of Richmond to Mr. W. J. Beadel, “Are you aware that two hundred years ago a man was not allowed to keep more than a certain number of sheep?” Said Mr. Beadel to the Duke, “I was not so aware. The difficulty of the present time is how to keep any at all on certain lands.” To this all farmers of damp holdings will say “Amen.”

SUSSEX AGRICULTURE.—Experimental stations have been established at Preston on the chalk, at Hanlye Farm near Cuckfield on the Hastings red soils, and at Rosier Farm near Billingshurst on the Wealden clay. As the chalk extends into many counties, the Weald and Hastings soils into Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent, the experiments of Sussex enterprise will be of utility far beyond county frontiers. A station for scientific experiments at Hassock’s Gate, and one for permanent pastures at Pulborough, complete the Sussex programme. We are sorry to add that the landed gentry who have promoted these experiments are receiving the most miserable support from the tenant-farming class. Although ten shilling subscriptions are gladly received, the Secretary, Mr. Sergison, of Cuckfield, had up to the beginning of March received but one tenant farmer’s subscription.

BIRTH.

On the 11th ult., at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa, the wife of SYDNEY ALBERT AYRE, of Bristol, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 8th inst., at the parish church, Orsett, T. J. GRIFFORD, of Belmont Hill, Lee, and Bishopsgate, City, son of the late T. GUILFORD, Esq., of Tunbridge Wells, to JESSIE ALICE, daughter of D. GREENAWAY, Esq., of the Old Rectory, Orsett, and Camomile Street, City.

On the 16th inst., at Holy Trinity Church, Cloudesley Square, Islington, N., THOMAS EWING (formerly of Belfast, Ireland), of San Francisco, U.S., to HARRIET SUSANNAH, younger daughter of the late DAVID SMITH, of Commercial Road East, London. American papers may copy.

DEATHS.

On the 11th inst., at his residence, Saltwell Park, Gateshead, WILLIAM WAILES, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in his 73rd year.

In the 8th inst., suddenly, at his residence, 219, Maida Vale, FREDERICK JOHN SKILL, in the 56th year of his age.

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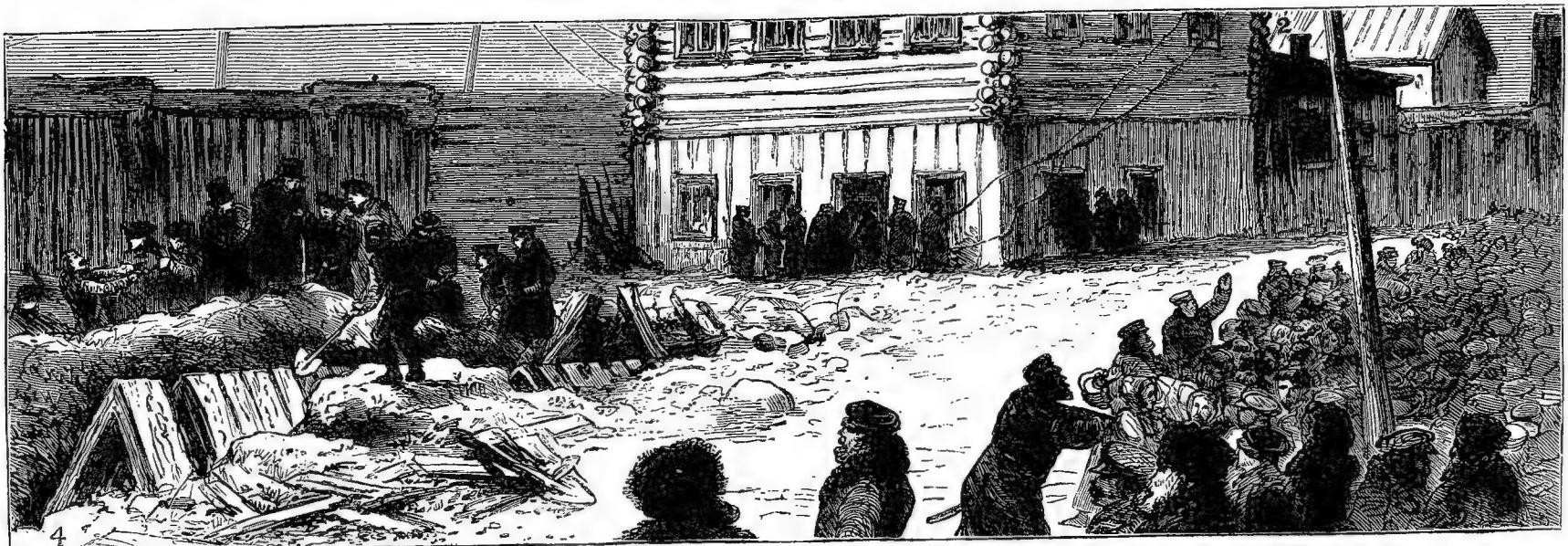
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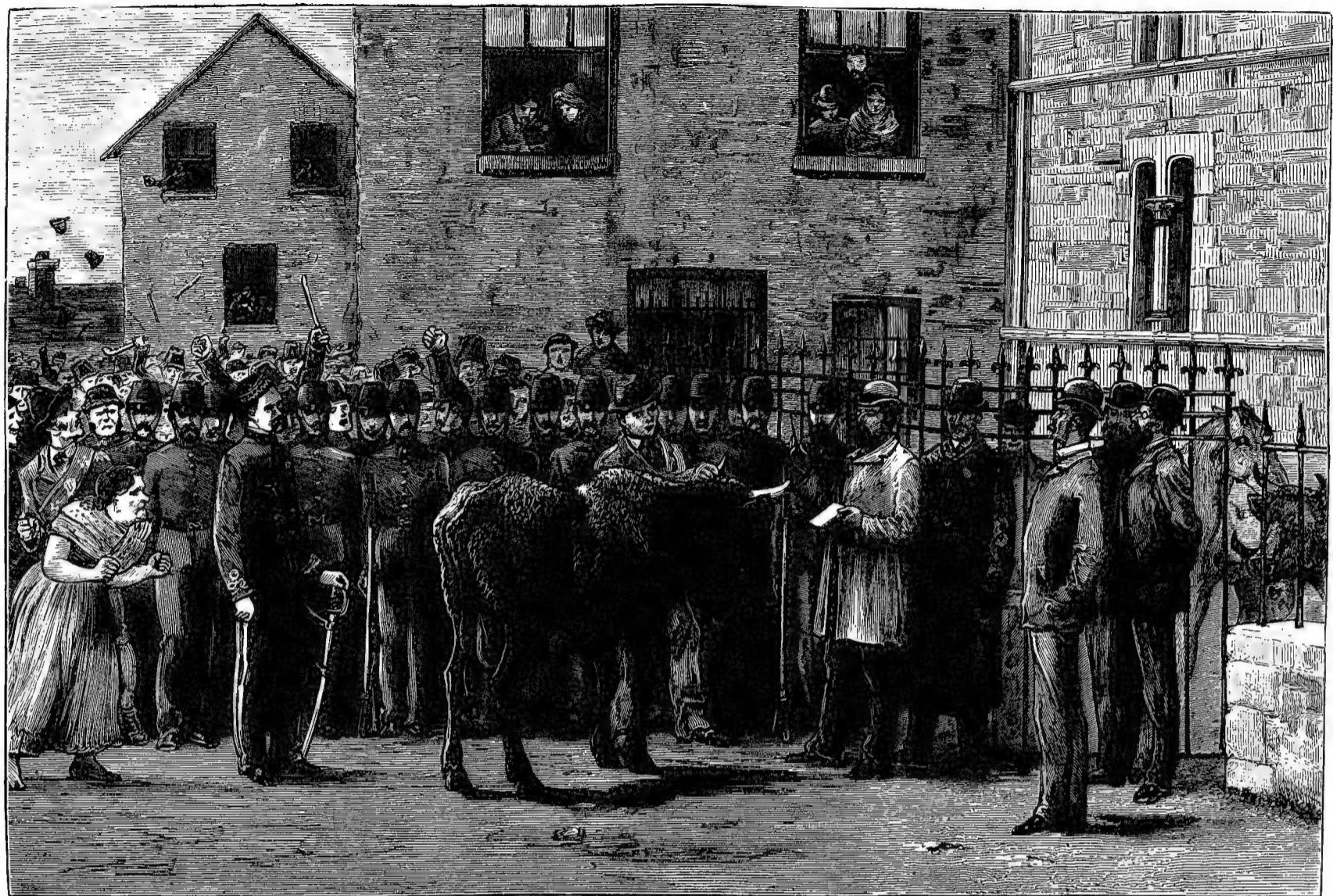


THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE IMPERIAL TRAIN NEAR MOSCOW, DEC. 1, 1879—SCENE AFTER THE EXPLOSION

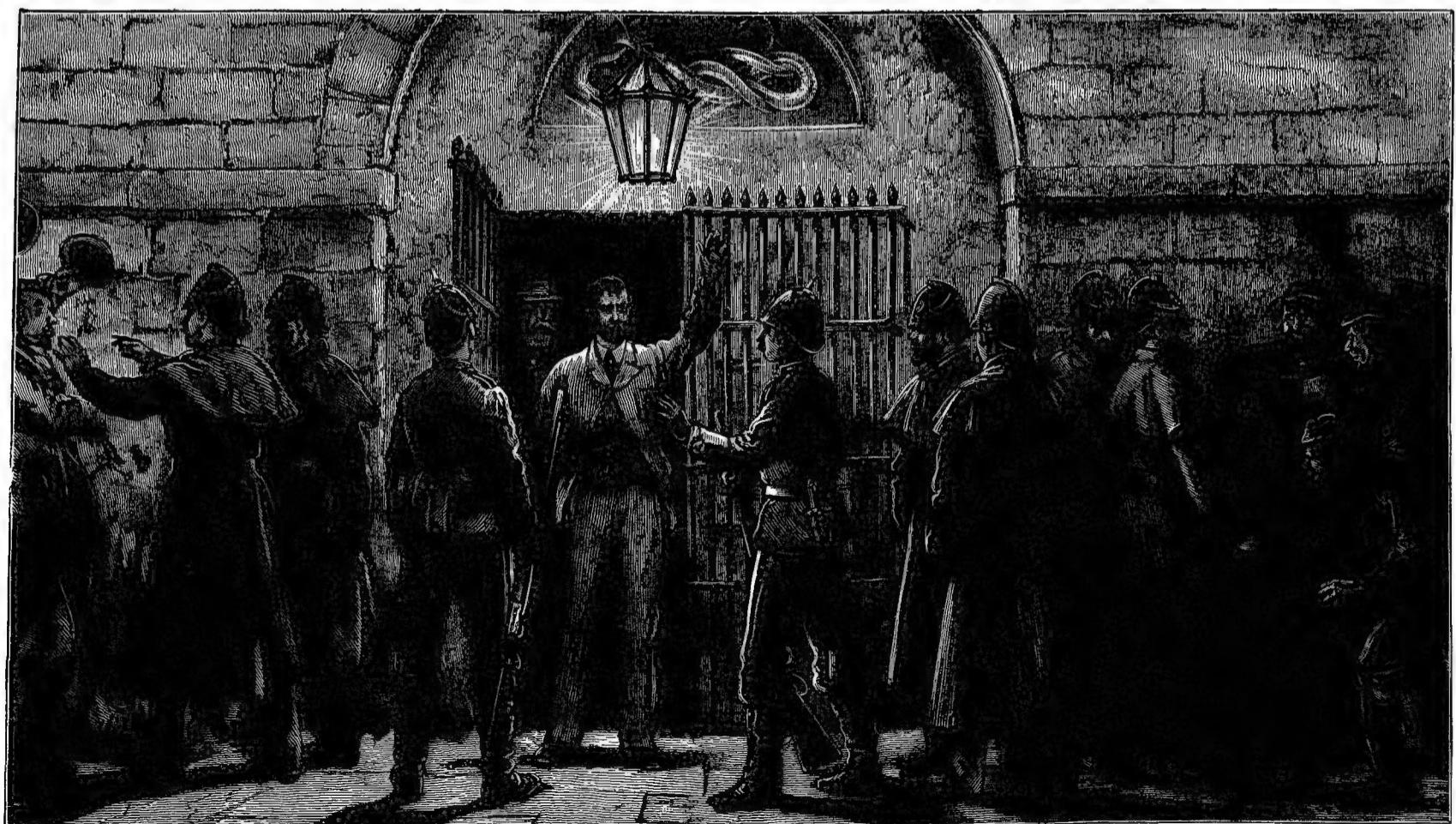
THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE IMPERIAL TRAIN NEAR MOSCOW, DEC. 1, 1879—HOUSE BESIDE THE LINE FROM WHICH THE MINE WAS EXPLODED
1. House.—2. Out-House.—3. Cart Shed.—4. Position of Mine Gallery.

TE DEUM IN THE IMPERIAL CHAPEL AFTER THE FAILURE OF THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG, FEB. 17, 1880

THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER II.



"BOYCOTTERS BOYCOTTED"—AT SLIGO COURTHOUSE, SELLING CATTLE SEIZED FOR RENT



THE COERCION ACT—ARRIVAL OF "SCRAB" NALLY AT KILMAINHAM PRISON, DUBLIN

THE COSTS OF LITIGATION.—The other day, Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in dealing with a case in which the plaintiff sued a solicitor for £3, 10s. for preparing a bill of costs which he had been employed to do on the understanding that he was to receive four per cent. on the amount allowed on taxation, remarked that this was a new industry, and that he did not wonder at the public complaining of bills of cost; taxation, he said, was a farce.

VENDING FALSE NEWS.—A peripatetic newsman has been committed for trial for obtaining money by false pretences from a butler in the employ of a gentleman residing at Queen's Gate, Kensington, on the evening of Tuesday last week. He was shouting out that there had been a great slaughter of British troops in the Transvaal, and that General Sir E. Wood was killed; and was offering the special edition of the *Globe* at sixpence per copy, alleging that he had had to pay extra for them; and he sold one to the prosecutor for twopence. On the first hearing Mr. Partridge ordered a remand, saying that he should like to see some one from the *Globe* office, as "it was a serious offence to disseminate false news." At the adjourned inquiry the manager of the *Globe* attended, and explained that a uniform price was always charged at the office, and that they declined to serve men like the prisoner, who, however, obtained copies from other dealers; and further, that the announcement of the reported death of Sir E. Wood, furnished by the Press Association, had appeared in all the London evening papers of that day. Mr. Partridge said that he thoroughly absolved the *Globe* from any imputation, and could not enter into the question as to how the telegrams got into that and the other papers. We should think, however, that the public have a right to expect some explanation from the Press Association.

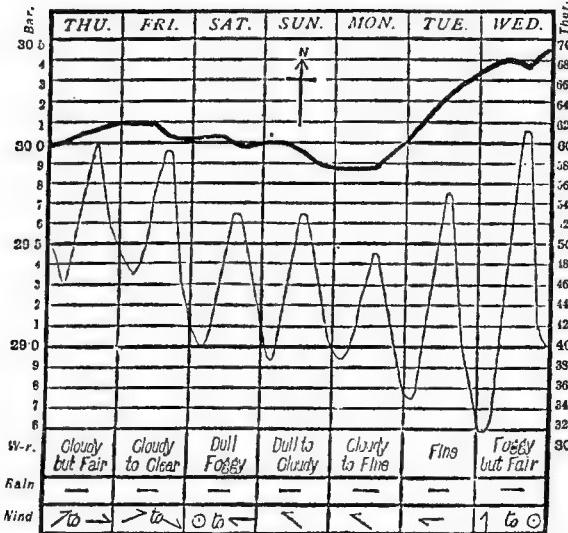
THE CHATHAM MURDER.—The officers of the Royal Engineers have now offered a further reward of £100, in addition to that of a like amount offered by the Government, for the discovery of the murderer of Lieutenant Roper.

AN EDINBURGH POLICEMAN was on Monday night found dead in the street with several dagger wounds in his body. Two seamen, named Shewan and Runton, have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder.

A DARING ROBBERY of the old-fashioned kind has just been perpetrated at Dagenham, near Chelmsford, where three men, masked and armed with revolvers, visited the house of a farmer named Bixley during his absence, and compelled his wife to give up to them all the money she had in the house, amounting to over £700, with which they got clear away.

A DEVONSHIRE FARMER has been sentenced to six months' hard labour for ill-treating a workhouse boy whom he had hired to work on his land. Medical and other evidence showed that the boy had been treated with continuous brutality; flogged, insufficiently fed, and made to sleep in an outhouse on some sacks, but on the other hand two of the servants represented that he fared sumptuously.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MARCH 10 TO MARCH 16 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week has been on the whole, very fine and dry, but at times there has been a good deal of cloud, and on some occasions thick haze or fog. At the commencement of the period the wind was westerly, and temperature very high for the time of year, the mean for Thursday and Friday (10th and 11th inst.) being at least 60 deg., above the average, but on Saturday (12th inst.), when an easterly breeze set in, the thermometer began to fall, and by Monday (14th inst.) readings had nearly regained their normal value. At the close of the week the cool easterly wind was beginning to lose all its strength, so that temperature was again rising. The barometer was very steady during the first few days, after which it rose steadily, and on Wednesday morning (16th inst.) was as high as 30°39 inches. There has not been a drop of rain all the week. The barometer was highest (30°43 inches) on Wednesday (16th inst.); lowest (29°87 inches) on Monday (14th inst.); range, 0°56 inches. Temperature was highest (61 deg.) on Wednesday (16th inst.); lowest (32 deg.) on Wednesday (16th inst.); range, 29 deg.

RURAL DULWICH.—It is always difficult to judge how much of pluck to resent insult and aggression may lie hidden beneath a calm and placid exterior. Of all places in England, who would have imagined that peaceful and retiring Dulwich possessed a fiery spirit that when fairly roused was equal to making such a show as could make even arrogant and tyrannical Vestries quail and hesitate ere they proceeded to deal with that rural outskirt with an unscrupulous hand. So it has proved, however. Its rurality is the characteristic that Dulwich guards with most jealous care. Interfere with that, so that it met with despising and contumely, and you put Dulwich on its mettle. Not long since the delightful suburb in question was threatened with a plague of paving stones. The parish that claims to control it, without deigning to consult the desires of the inhabitants, announced its intention of overlaying the pleasant earthen side-walks of the locality with slabs of stone, or, more objectionable still, perhaps with asphalt. As one man the Dulwichites rose and protested against the project. Whether they succeeded in saving themselves from the dread infliction is not certain. But whether or no, a more alarming certainty now threatens them. It has been brought to their knowledge that the enemy contemplates erecting a workhouse in their very midst, the selected site being between Dulwich Cross and Champion Hill Railway Station. A hastily convened indignation meeting has been held, and resolutions passed condemning the scheme, mainly on the ground that the district at present is entirely free from the pauper element, and that the presence of a workhouse will naturally tend to degenerate the residential property of the neighbourhood. A deputation is to wait on the President of the Local Government Board on the subject, and it is to be hoped that its representation will be successful. Perhaps the matter might be compounded. Residential property is a matter to be much respected of course, but if the Guardians of St. Saviour's, Southwark, have conceived the humane idea of giving the aged and helpless inmates of their residential property the benefit of wholesome country air, possibly some more out-of-the-way nook in rural Dulwich might be found for the purpose.

A NEW OMNIBUS SERVICE.—Londoners have not much reason to complain as regards the number or the variety of the public conveyances at their disposal. At a recent meeting of hackney carriage proprietors, at which the Lord Mayor took the chair, it was stated that at the present time there are 10,000 cabs perambulating the streets of the metropolis, necessitating the employment of 25,000 horses and 14,000 drivers and stablemen. These, with a few thousand omnibuses and our local railways, and the many tram routes, with their hundreds of commodious cars, might be deemed sufficient, but the London Cars Company are not of that opinion. Last week the said company launched a novelty of the omnibus kind, and one that should find favour with the travelling public. It is a combination of car and bus, the front wheels supporting the mounting-board being very low, while the hinder ones are five feet in circumference, and there is such an arrangement of springs as provides for a smooth passage over rough roads. The "knife-board" is abolished, as is the perpendicular ascent from the "monkey board," an easy step-ladder being substituted, so managed that ladies as well as gentlemen may climb to the roof, where are arranged rows of comfortable chairs fronting the horses. One of the earliest routes adopted by the new company is from the City to Westminster, via the Thames Embankment, and other of the vehicles will ply between the various railway stations. Not the least curious feature of the venture will be a plying for hire at the Houses of Parliament during the Session, at the small hours of morning, when Members usually leave, for the purpose of conveying them homeward in batches, and setting them down in the order that is most convenient at their own doors. There is the attractiveness of novelty in this last proposition, but it is doubtful whether it will much enhance the financial success of the company. That there are M.P.'s who are rigid economists, even to the extent of driving a hard bargain with a cabman at two in the morning, is likely enough, but there cannot be very many who, worried to the extreme of weariness by indefatigable Obstructionists, would care to further protract bedtime by a roundabout ride with the object of saving a sixpence.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF PAWBROKERY.—It can be anything but gratifying to employers in private as well as in commercial life to be aware that, in the event of their having a servant so dishonest as to make free with goods to which he has access, he can easily enough find a pawnbroker who will give ready money for the same. Nor is it difficult to understand why it is that magistrates and judges, as a rule, treat the class of tradesmen in question with undisguised severity. They so commonly see the pawnbroker or his assistant in the witness-box facing the defaulting butler or counterman in the dock, that they may perhaps be excused if they occasionally assume that there is more in it than appears on the surface. On the other hand, however, there can be no doubt that the obliging lender of money on tangible security has a harassing time of it. It is quite impossible for him to conduct his business without running a risk not only of forfeiting any moneys he may have advanced, but of bringing on himself judicial rebuke as well. He is of course flagrantly wrong when, in her own name, Mrs. Flannigan, the laundress, offers in pawn costly table-linen rough-dry from the washtub, and he, the pawnbroker, lends money on the same; but it is quite a different matter when a well-dressed and respectable person comes to negotiate a loan, no matter what the security may be. Even though the articles should be spoons and forks, the tradesman cannot well do more than make careful inquiry as to how the would-be pawnner came possessed of them, ask what his name is, and where he lives; and it does seem a little hard, as appeared in a police case a few days since, that a pawnbroker who takes all these precautions is liable to be peremptorily ordered to give up without recompense goods on which he has advanced several pounds. Magistrates seem at times to forget that transactions carried on under the shadow of the golden balls are frequently of a peculiar nature. The customer is an exceedingly sensitive person who appears at the counter of the little private box, as embarrassed and nervous as the most guilty man could possibly be. The experienced shopkeeper, recognising the delicacy of the situation, conforms to it as far as he can consistently with the ordinary principles of his business, and it is not difficult to see how he may thus, quite innocently, serve the purpose of a cunning thief.

A WASH-HOUSE QUESTION.—The season is just now coming on when the periodical question of public baths will again be brought forward for discussion. Theoretically, as regards the working-classes, the two subjects, baths and wash-houses, go together. It is under an Act called the Baths and Wash-houses Act that every parish is empowered to provide at the expense of the whole body of its ratepayers for both conveniences. It is almost a pity they should be linked together, inasmuch as practically they do not run in one and the same groove. The public baths are most resorted to in spring and summer, and it is then that those who in winter time avail themselves of the inestimable boon fall off in number. With fine bright weather, thousands who have but one or two rooms to reside in, with their many children, make shift to do their clothes' washing on the premises, drying it on lines stretched across and across bedroom and living room. In the winter time, however, such an arrangement is found so intolerable that when they have the opportunity, poor people eagerly take advantage of it, and carry their "washing" to the public laundry. In St. Pancras, in the month of January last, 8,000 persons availed themselves of the privilege which enabled them in a very few hours and at a trifling cost to transform their bundles and baskets of dirty clothes and other things into so many articles perfectly clean, and all ready mangled and ironed, and dried all ready for use. It is not all parishes that in this respect display the same good sense as St. Pancras. There is no reason why such places should not be self-supporting, and be made the means not only of enabling the poor to observe the precept that is next to godliness, but to earn a little money as well. In times like the present, when epidemic disease is unpleasantly rife, there exists in the minds of householders an uncomfortable feeling as to how, where, and in what company their linen is made clean. If there was a great public laundry provided with all modern appliances, including, of course, steam-power, where such work was done—a well officered establishment, where the strictest vigilance was observed, all such disturbing suspicions might be set at rest, and the business, when it became fully developed, might be done on a scale of charges that would induce hundreds of families to avoid the discomfort of "washing-day" at home.

BUSINESS REFERENCES.—Good-natured people who are in the habit of giving business references on behalf of their friends and acquaintances will do well to study the case of Crew v. Pincoffs, which has just been decided by Mr. Justice Stephen and a common jury in the Queen's Bench Division. The defendant is a City broker, and was at one time in partnership with a Mr. Stephenson, who after that business connection had been dissolved seems to have gone into liquidation, his debts amounting to over £2,000, and the composition which he offered being five shillings in the pound. Subsequent to this Mr. Stephenson applied to the plaintiff for a lease of a wharf, and gave Mr. Pincoffs' name as a reference. That gentleman on being applied to unhesitatingly certified him to be "a reliable tenant, whom he himself should accept," and on the faith of this representation Mr. Crew, the plaintiff, let the wharf, but never received any rent, as Mr. Stephenson again failed, and was adjudicated bankrupt. The plaintiff therupon brought an action against the defendant to recover damages for alleged misrepresentation as to the eligibility of the tenant, and the jury gave a verdict in his favour to the amount of a year's rent and taxes on the wharf. There can, we

should think, be little doubt as to the substantial justice of this decision. A man who acts as reference to another does not, under ordinary circumstances, pledge himself as to the actual honesty and solvency of the person of whom he speaks, so long as he merely states his general opinion as to his trustworthiness. But it must be clear to the meanest comprehension that if he knowingly suppresses any material fact in his history, or makes any positive misstatement with regard to it, he is guilty of culpable negligence calculated to mislead, and ought to be held responsible for the consequences. It may at first sight seem hard that a man who, in his desire to serve an old acquaintance, is guilty of the amiable weakness of representing his business capacity and position in a better light than would be warranted by the exact circumstances of the case, should be called upon to make good in cash any losses that may in consequence accrue. Sober reflection, however, on the matter must lead to the conclusion that the legal view of the situation coincides with common sense and equity, for one can certainly have no right to bolster up the falling fortunes of a personal friend at the expense of others with whom one does not happen to be on intimate terms. There may be no really fraudulent intention in such conduct, but it approaches so nearly to the boundary line that pity would be entirely misplaced and wasted upon those who thus foolishly render themselves liable to penalties provided by law.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Those who like pretty, innocent love verses which go trippingly will approve of "Lyrics and Ballads," by Zeta (Provost). All are graceful, but none need be particularised; the book would be a suitable present for any enamoured swain mistrustful of his own powers of apostrophising his mistress.

It appears that "A Modern Babylon," by Leonard Lloyd (Remington), has reached a second edition, which is rather surprising, as the volume is decidedly dull. Of the two dramatic sketches which it contains, "Judas Iscariot" is far the best, and, indeed, contains one or two passages of real merit, such as the traitor's defiance of Satan at page ninety. The other piece, the title of which is not very intelligible, is an uninteresting story, in most prosaic blank verse, of a young poetaster, who marries a girl off the streets, because his own sweetheart was engaged to his brother, after which his wife proceeds to drown herself. The two principal actors were certainly not bashful, since Mr. Walburg announces that his own paintings were inspired by genius, and Hector speaks of himself as personally resembling a god. Judging by his quoted lyrics, it cannot have been Phœbus Apollo.

Were there nothing else of value in the book, which is far from being the case, the highest praise must be given to "As One that Serveth," sacred poems by the Rev. George Alex. Chadwick, D.D. (Elliot Stock), for such a really sublime piece as "The Two Thieves." As blank verse it is nearly faultless, and the two speeches of which it consists are conceived no less finely than they are executed; they are monologues by the two malefactors at the Crucifixion, and, although that of the penitent is the better, some of the last utterances of the despairing wretch on the cross are very touching, especially the remorseful passage beginning "I would I were the penitent." But the best portion is the soliloquy of the former, whilst awaiting in terror the approach of his executioners; here are some fine lines:—

I will not think Him craven. Clear and full
His voice pealed out in scorn of well-graced sins
And sounding falsehoods dear to those who rule;
His gaze thrilled through us like a sword, and stirred
Strange indistinct alarms, and yearnings vague,
And pangs no daftard knows. He haunts me now,
He, and my brothers, and the whispering waves,
And fresh cool mornings on the hills afar.
He looks at me with all things fair and lost,
The One who might have saved the ruined cause.
No lordlier presence ever led the van,
Beating down armies, never menace flashed
From eyes that kindled with intenser fires.

Not to speak of its dramatic force, it is seldom, indeed, that we meet with sacred verse of so high a standard as this, and its merit all the more calls for recognition. Amongst the minor pieces will also be found some very good, of which may be cited "The Prodigal's Return," "Herod," "The Exile," and a hymn, "We were not first to greet Thee"; but, in short, the whole volume is of unusual value.

We have also to record the appearance of a new edition of "Records of the Heart," by the well-known American poetess, "Stella," who died lately. It is handsomely illustrated, and published by Messrs. Trübner and Co.

NEW MUSIC.

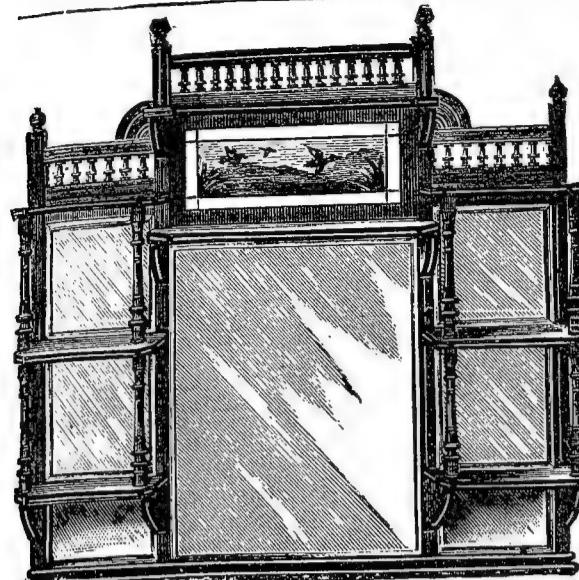
MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—A graceful and spirited ballata, written and composed by Signori G. Prati and A. Biagi, is "Pachita," lively and tuneful enough for an after-dinner drawing-room song; it is published in two keys.—Vol. I., Section 3, "The Imperial Tutor for the Pianoforte," by Carlo Tiesset, should surely have been No. 2, as for example—"The Position of the Player" is of importance from the commencement, and should not be neglected or delayed until bad habits have been acquired; the "General Remarks on the Mode of Practising" are very excellent: "Not to Play too Long at a Time, and to stop the moment the wrist or arms feel Fatigued;" and much other very useful advice is given.—Two good pianoforte pieces for school study are, "Capriccio Fantastico" by A. Biagi, and "Muriel," a *dance fantastique* by Alfred B. Watson.

MESSRS. ENOCH AND SONS.—Sad but pleasing are the words, by Frederick E. Weatherley, of "Primrose Farm," for which Milton Wellings has composed the pathetic music; this song is published in E flat and F. Still more sentimental are the words of "Some Day," by Hugh Conway, but they are commonplace in sentiment and somewhat maudlin; the music, by Milton Wellings, is not equal in merit to the first-named song, and yet he has published it in three keys!—Michael Watson has condescended to the worn-out joke of a "Musical Parody" on the styles of well-known composers, and so well has he carried it out that people who have not heard the thing done before will be much amused by it. The theme, "Home, Sweet Home," he has arranged, cleverly enough, *après* Mendelssohn, Wagner, Gounod, Handel, and Rossini, whose styles he has well imitated. The best of the group is Handel's, after "The Harmonious Blacksmith."—"Gavotte Rustique" for the pianoforte, by H. A. Muscat, is bright, and not wanting in melodious individuality.—"Evening Star," a nocturne for the pianoforte, by Fritz Spindler, is suitable for school practice.—A brace of very danceable and tuneful waltzes, "At the Ferry," by Charles d'Albert, and "Les Rossignols Valse," by Michael Watson, will be favourites of the season.

B. WILLIAMS.—“Marche des Arquebusiers,” by Arthur H. Brown, is spirited, and the time well marked; it will sound well on a military band.—Fresh and original “Joyeux Martin,” valse, by Ben Tayoux should find a place in this season's ball programmes.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Very easy and simply written is “If Ye Love Me Keep my Commandments,” an anthem composed by Margaret F. Fowles; it should find a place in every village choir where a fairly good soprano soloist is to be found.—“L'Espérance,” a Reverie for the pianoforte by E. Corbett, and “Silver Birch Gavotte,” by H. Piercy Watson, are pleasing drawing-room pieces for the pianofortes.

MARCH 19, 1881

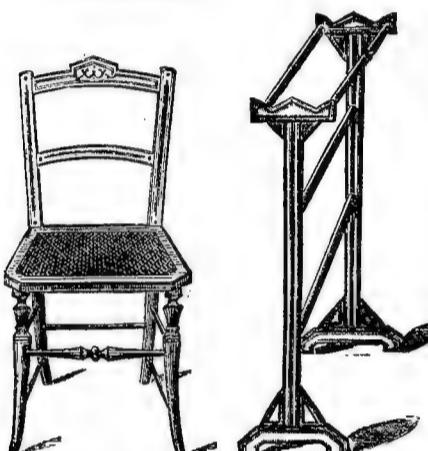


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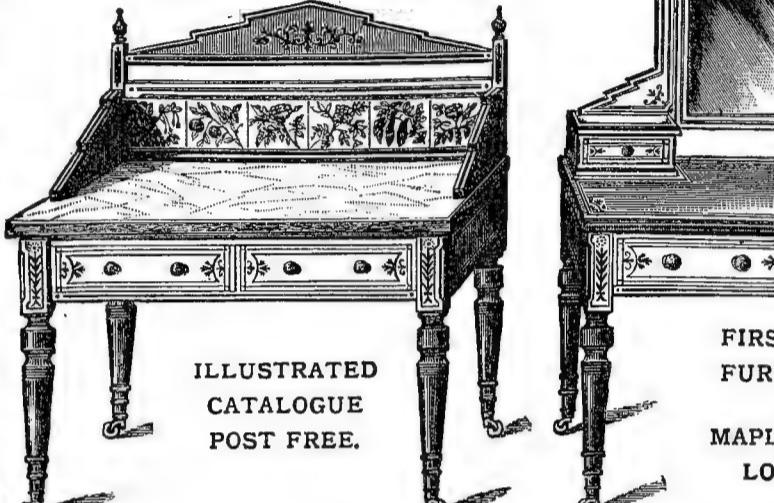
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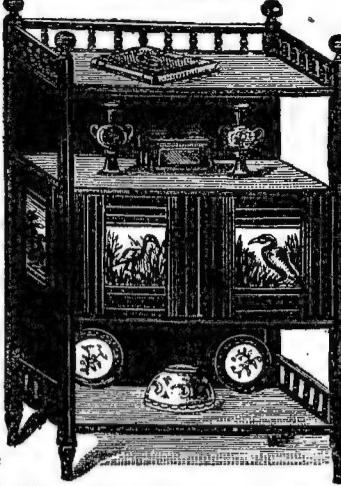
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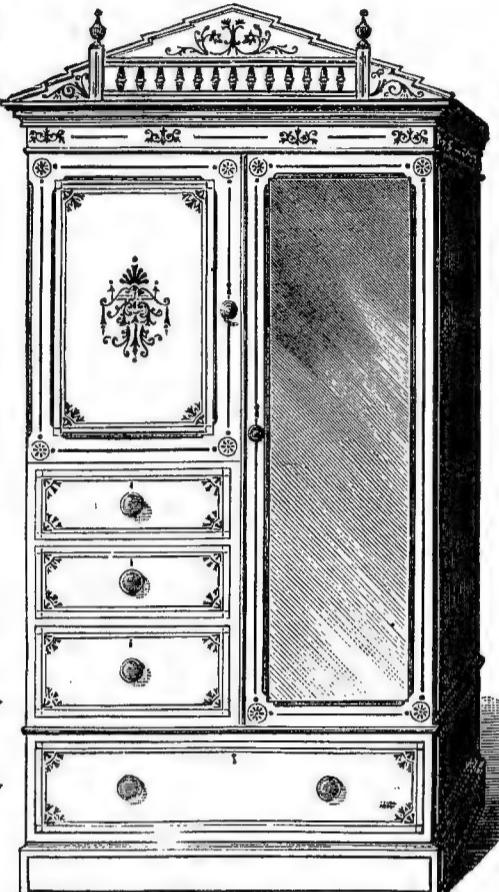
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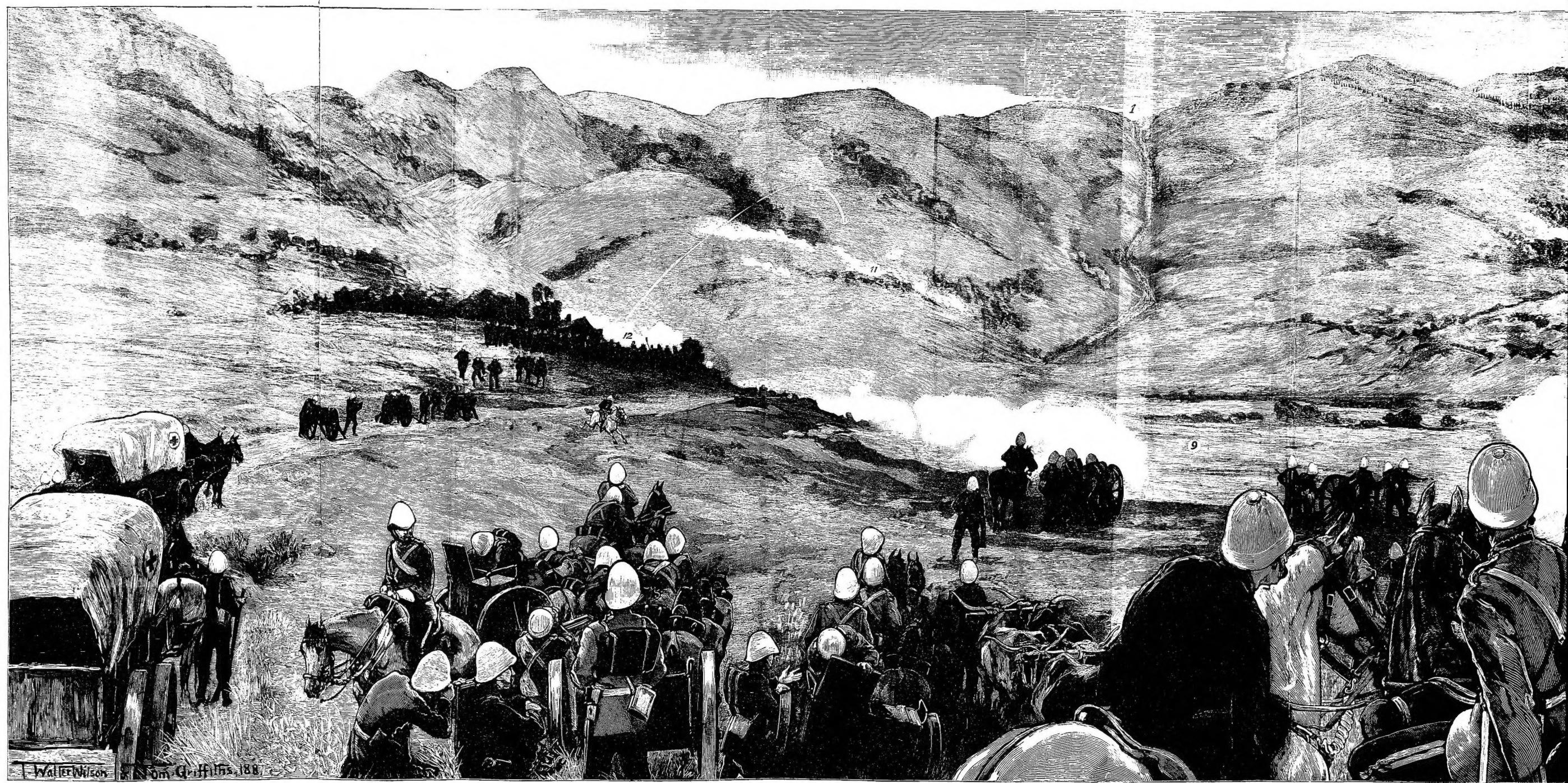
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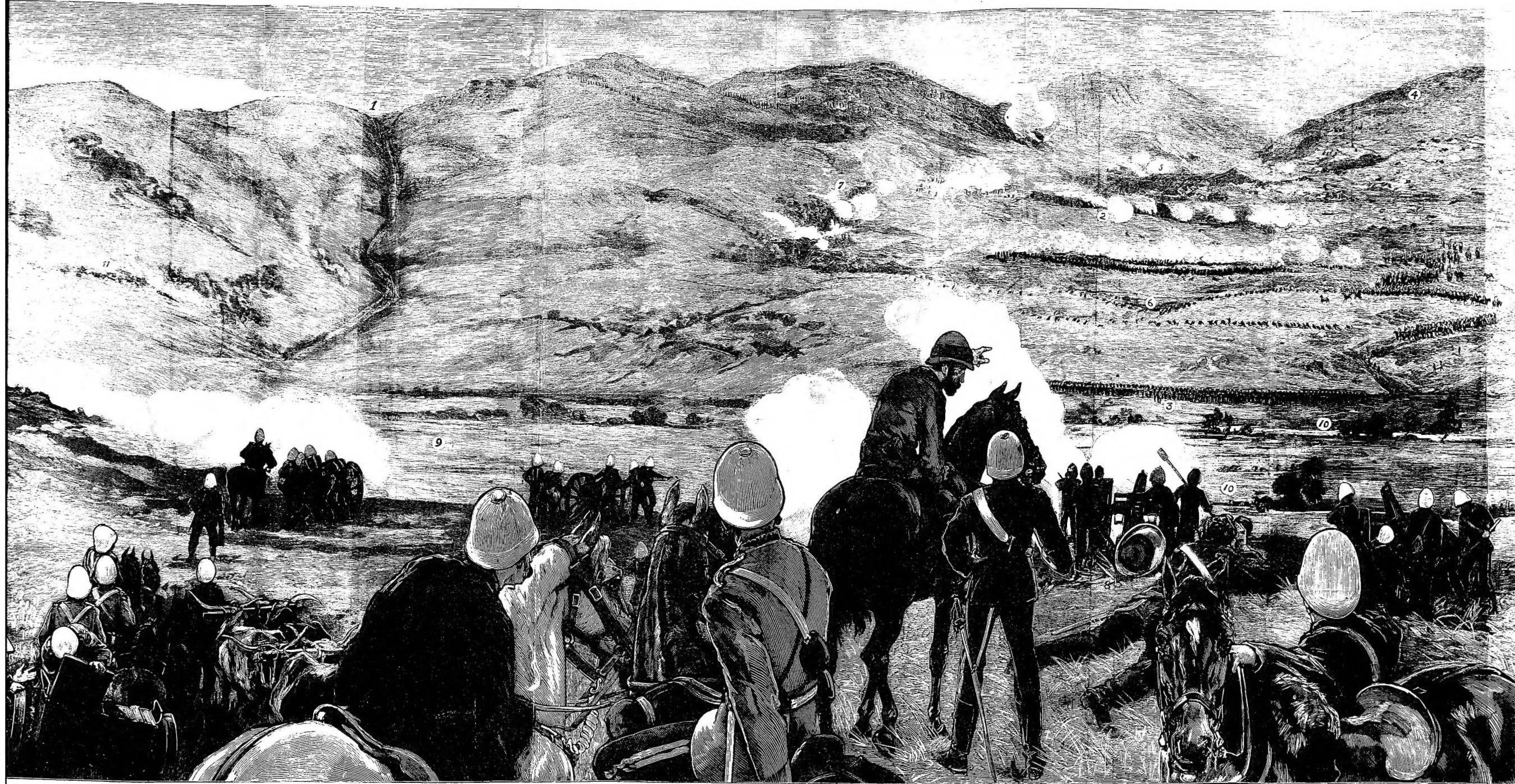
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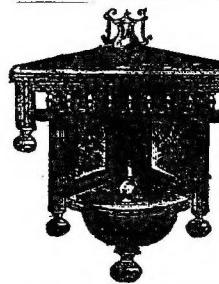
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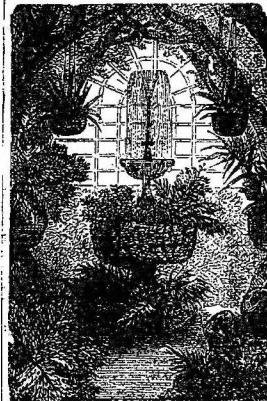
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